Scribner's

MAGAZINE

April, 1939
Vol. 105, No. 4

Our May cover is by Clarence Hinkle, one of the foremost painters of the West Coast . . . This issue will bring the opening article in our 1939 series examining mass magazines (see page 4) . . . The May issue will also bring a SCRIBNER'S Short Novel of unusual interest: "The Party at Jack's," by Thomas Wolfe . . . The "SCRIBNER'S Examines" article will be on Leverett Saltonstall, governor of Massachusetts; Arthur Bartlett is the writer . . . Incidentally, Mr. Saltonstall is the first governor we have examined . . . Other high spots in the May issue include a map-text feature by Robert Landry which will be of particular interest to people going to one or both of the World's Fairs . . . Also a personal-experience article by a woman who helped guide a plane to a happy landing . . . Plus our "Life in the U. S. *Photographic*," with the State of New Jersey under the lenses . . . And other features and departments . . . PLAN: To publish in May a report on the reactions, here and abroad, to our February preview "Selling George VI to the U. S."

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Cover Painting by JAMES CHAPIN
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PUBLISHED BY HARLAN LOGAN ASSOCIATES, INC., 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* DON WHARTON, *Executive Editor;* HARRY O. DIAMOND, *Art Director;* LOMBARD JONES, JAMES R. MILLER, WALTER WALKER, *Associate Editors;* WARREN MAYERS, *Business Manager;* W. EDWIN CLAPHAM, *Treasurer.* Published monthly, 25¢ a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50. Copyright, 1939, in the U. S., Canada, and Great Britain by Harlan Logan Associates, Inc. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage. Not responsible for unsolicited material. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry, Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

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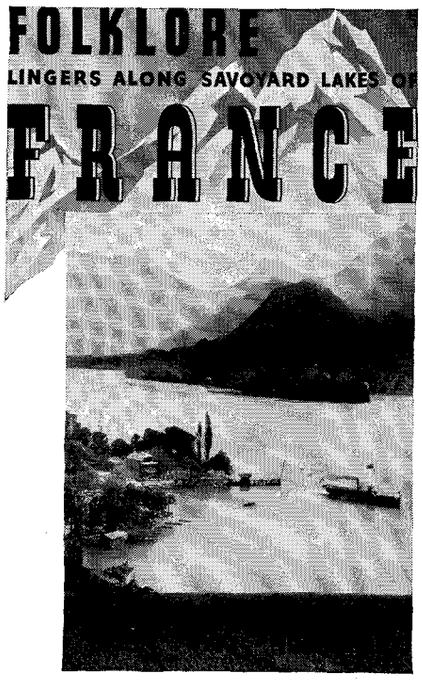

Under soaring mountains mantled in pine-perfumed clouds, folklore's ancient customs still survive...and across flower-rimmed sapphire lakes the silvery tinkle of sheep bells mingles with the laughter of gay cosmopolites ★ On this balcony of sovereign Mount Blanc, bright cabañas and many-hued parasols cast purple shadows upon powdery sand beaches... Lake Annecy, its praises sung by brush and pen...Bourget, with fashionable Aix nestling beneath Mount Revard...Évian and Thonon skirting Lake Leman ★ Chambéry, legendary seat of Savoyard Dukes... Chamonix, famed for its Mer-de-Glace, glaciers and waterfalls.

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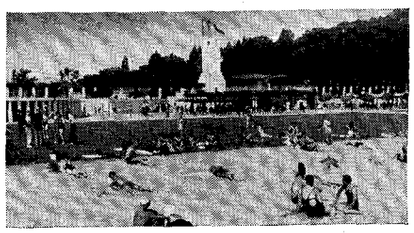
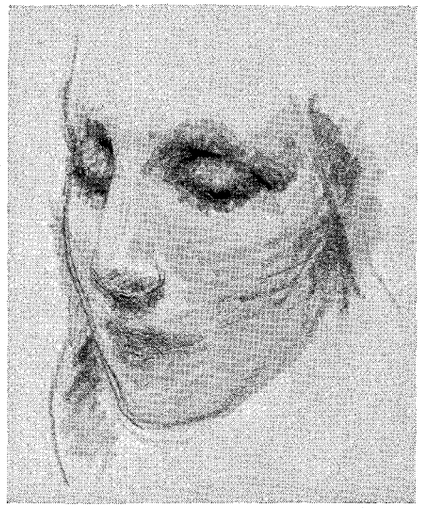


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Nun (*See Cover*)

The head on the cover is that of Dorothea Wieck, young German film actress who starred some years ago as Fräulein Bernburg, the teacher in *Mädchen in Uniform*. She was called to Hollywood after this, appeared successfully in *Cradle Song*, less so in *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*. Then she returned to Germany, and, as far as is known, continued her acting there. The portrait shows her as she appeared in *Cradle Song*, and was painted by James Chapin, whose *Fox Hunter* we reproduced in December.

The first time we wrote about Mr. Chapin, he was sadly preparing to leave his country place in New Jersey and come into New York for the winter. On our most recent visit—this time to his Greenwich Village studio—he was happily preparing to go back. He showed us some of his winter's work (like Alexander Brook, on whom we reported in February, he was doing a portrait of



Katharine Hepburn) and then he explained how he had painted the *Nun*.

It seems he just happened into *Cradle Song* one night and was impressed by Miss Wieck's beauty. Or, to speak a little more professionally, by the modeling of her face and the way the nun's headdress defined it.

Chapin followed the picture from one theater to another. Sitting near an exit light in order to see what he was doing, he took notes and made sketches, sometimes no more than an eye or the curve of a cheek, sometimes fuller sketches like the one reproduced on this page. Then, after ten or twelve visits, he had enough to work from and went ahead with the painting. He never saw Miss Wieck in person.

The final job, he cautions, cannot technically be called a portrait, but, rather, an "impression."

For the Ladies

Keeping last month's promise to our women readers, we present another 10-point quiz by Mr. Tressler.

1. How many pairs of shoes do you own?
2. How much life insurance does your husband have?
3. How much do you spend for hosiery each year?
4. What size gloves do you wear?
5. How many brands of cosmetics do you keep in stock?
6. How many inches from the floor does your dress hang?
7. What shade are the hose you're wearing?
8. How much do you weigh, and what should your weight be for your height?
9. When is your husband's birthday?
10. What was the name of the minister at your wedding?

100,000,000 a Month

Here are the plans for the series we promised to announce in this issue:

The series will examine America's mass magazines.

The series will open in our May issue with *Collier's*. *Liberty* will be examined in June, *Saturday Evening Post* in July.

The series will continue through the August, September, October, and November issues with articles on *Cosmopolitan, Redbook, American, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, This Week,* and the *American Weekly*.

The series will be a natural sequel to the one published last year. In 1938 our series was largely concerned with specialized publications, opening with *Esquire* and closing with an article on the farm journals. Our 1939 series will be directed entirely at the mass magazines. The groups we are examining are the backbone of the magazine industry. They sell a little over 100,000,000 copies a month and continually exert a tremendous in-

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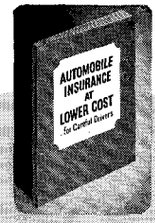

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Reporter

Meyer Berger makes his debut in SCRIBNER'S with "Surrender of Privacy," an article whose writing was interrupted, incidentally, by Mr. Berger's efforts to make some aviators talk. The aviators were the crew of the wrecked *Cavalier,* and Mr. Berger extracted from them what turned out to be an exclusive New York *Times* interview.

Mr. Berger first broke into print when he was with the A. E. F. His letters home were printed in the *World,* where he had been an office boy, and which later took him on as a reporter. In 1927 he moved to the *Times,* and, save for a year with the *New Yorker,* has been there since.

Like most good reporters, he has covered a lot of good stories: Al Capone's trial in Chicago, the Texas school explosion (he was vacationing nearby), and, in a sort of cosmic vein, the last total eclipse, the New York earthquake in the mid twenties, and the "end of the world," as predicted and prepared for by Seventh Day Adventists. His handling of this last story, by the way, illustrates that reportorial acumen city editors cry for. He was working at the time for the Standard News Association, which serviced Long Island papers. A woman used to send in items about her neighbors; some were printed, but one—about a family getting ready for doomsday—went into the wastebasket. Berger heard of it, dug it up, and hustled out to investigate. His stories made good reading for days and were picked up in newspapers all over the world.

Notes

Russell Owen's "Half a Mile from Hell" and C. R. Walker's "The 22-Billion-Dollar Touch" introduced them to SCRIBNER'S readers in the November issue . . . Louise Levitas has been stenographer, artist's model, and press agent . . . Millen Brand worked for the N. Y. Telephone Company until the success of his first novel last year, since then has devoted his time to writing.

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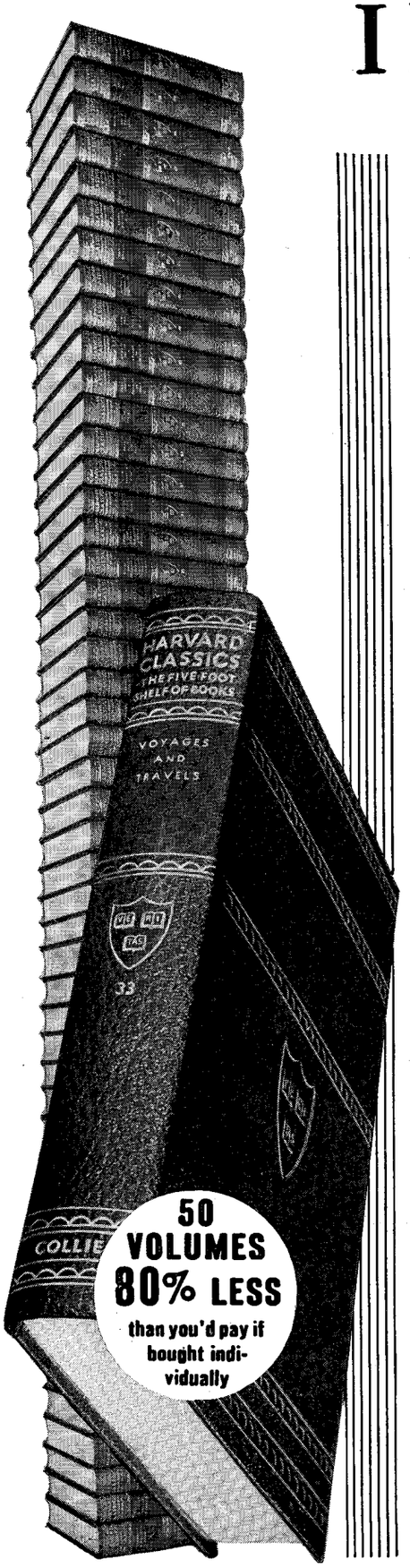
How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX



A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

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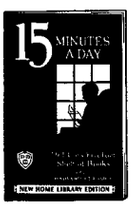

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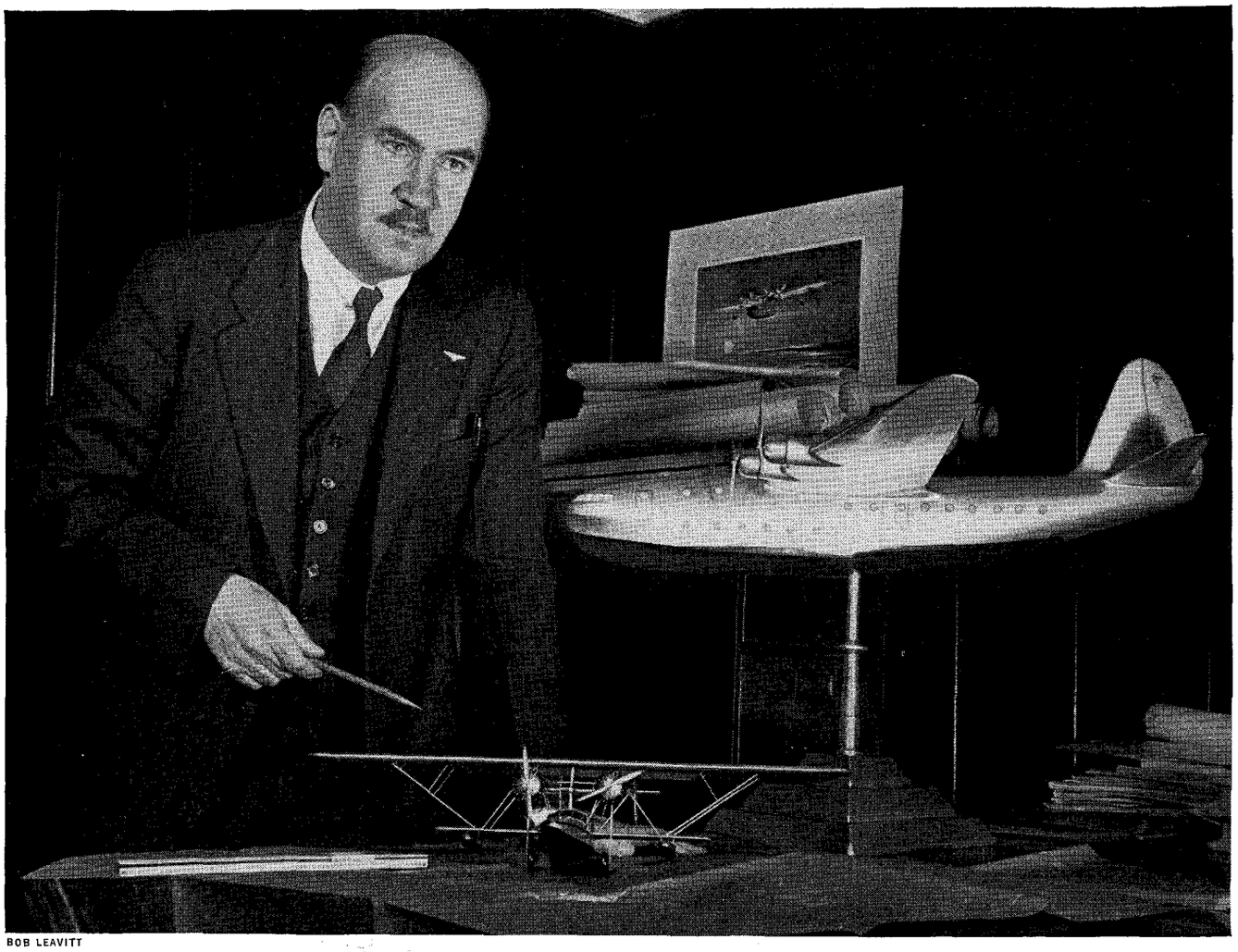

BOB LEAVITT

Igor I. Sikorsky

BY RUSSELL OWEN

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the foremost designer of flying boats . . . his pre-war multimotored planes . . . how he has blazed sea routes connecting four continents*

ONE fall day in 1926 a huge, silver airplane, perhaps the most graceful ship designed up to that time, stood at the east end of the runway on old Roosevelt Field, Long Island. It was early morning, before the sun came up, but light enough to see clearly. Captain René Fonck, the French war ace, was to fly the ship to Paris. While the last of the fuel was being pumped into the tanks, a diminutive Frenchman, the radio operator Clavier, was asked by friends if he had enough money to use when he landed. "A dollar is enough to take to Paradise," said Clavier with a shrug of his shoulders and a wry smile.

Round and round the plane walked a short man, with

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taut face, serious eyes, and rather worried expression. His bald head was covered with a nondescript hat, his clothes were rumpled. Igor I. Sikorsky was his name, the man who has since designed the big flying boats that have pioneered every ocean route flown by American airplanes. This beautiful, three-motored ship was the finest thing he had turned out up to that time. He loved it, and believed in it, as did those who knew what the lines of the exquisite creation meant in terms of aerodynamics.

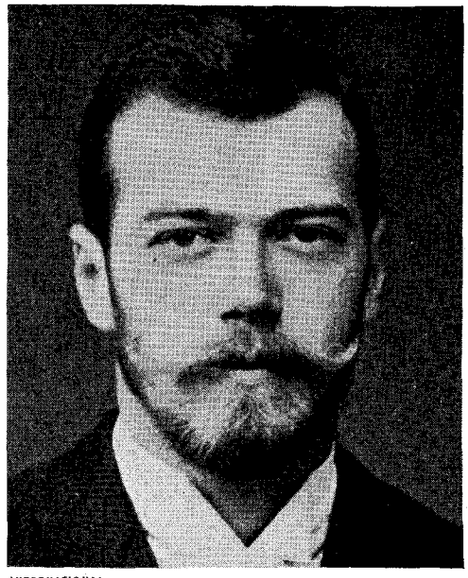
The plane started down the runway, slowly because of the load. The auxiliary landing gear—to be dropped in the air—came loose and dragged. Everything went wrong that possibly could go wrong, and the wide-winged silver ship dropped over a slope at the end of the field, and into the air rose a column of black smoke. Clavier, the little Frenchman, and Lieutenant J. Islamov, his Russian companion and engineer, were burned to death. Fonck and his American navigator escaped.

Sikorsky had run with the rest of us to the slope that overlooked the burning plane. Then he turned and walked toward his tiny factory, an old hangar, where the ship had been built. His face was white, his hands clenched. None of us reporters dared speak to him. He met Fonck and Curtin, the navigator, said a word or two, and then went quickly off the field, silently.

That seemed the end of his career. He got on his motorcycle and drove out on the north shore of Long Island until he found a quiet spot overlooking the Sound. For hours he sat there, staring unseeing at the water, thinking, grieving for the two dead men and for the end of all his hopes. He had not wanted to rush that flight; he had been forced to do so by that bugaboo of aviation — publicity. And now he had no money; his mechanics were unpaid; his best ship, perhaps the best performing plane of its power and size in the world at that time, lay unproved and smoking at the end of the runway. Sikorsky had been licked before. People had joked when he proposed the first four-motored airplane and built it in 1913. The Russian Revolution had ruined him financially and sent him penniless to the United States. His first American plane had crashed because he could not afford good motors. And now this tragedy. But Sikorsky happens to be one of those men who have the rare quality of moral courage. It has enabled him to pick up the pieces of his work, shattered time and again, and put them together to win a fresh success.

People are always asking when passenger airplanes will fly across the Atlantic. Ask Igor Sikorsky and he will say: "We could have done it five years ago"—and explain that what has held back transatlantic flying is not aviation technique but finance and international differences. That expression of his is not boastful; it is the studied opinion of a man who has led the world in the construction of multimotored airplanes and, particularly, flying boats. Sikorsky's airplanes were the first to connect North and South America by air, the first to fly regularly across the Pacific, and the first to shuttle back and forth across the North Atlantic as representatives of America's hands-across-the-sea-by-air policy. They fly regularly to Bermuda, and they are used on many other water flights.

The first big passenger planes to fly the Atlantic will not be Sikorsky's; Boeing got that contract, just as Martin got the contract for the Pacific Clippers. But the fact remains that the designers of the big flying boats which will make that trip will be following in Sikorsky's footsteps. It took twenty years for the aviation world to catch up with him when it came to building large airplanes. He used double rudders—which are just now coming back into favor—before the war. He stepped up wing loadings to a point deemed ridiculous only ten years ago. With one quiet lecture in England he changed the entire design of large flying boats in that country. And now he is back to his first love, experimenting with helicopters, which have been flown abroad by methods which he envisaged before he built his first airplane.



INTERNATIONAL

In 1913 Czar Nicholas inspected the giant plane Grand, *gave Sikorsky a gold watch*

INTERNATIONAL

Rachmaninoff helped to finance Sikorsky's early aviation ventures in this country

He did not get either of Pan-American's last two orders for big flying boats, partly because of that company's habit of rotating orders, and the fact that in recent years nearly all large government contracts have gone to the West Coast. It was Sikorsky, however, who built the Navy's largest flying boat, delivered last year.

He has a daring imagination, an ability to project his intuitive mind into the future to an extent which makes

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some people doubt his judgment, though he is generally proved right in the end. He is as much a philosopher as an engineer, more a designer than a constructor.

II

Those wise men who puzzle over the problems of heredity might find something interesting in Sikorsky's background. He was born on May 25, 1889, in Kiev, Russia, a part of that Ukraine about which Adolf Hitler is doing much wishful thinking. His father, an international expert on mental diseases, was professor of psychology in St. Vladimir University at Kiev. His mother studied medicine, although she abondoned it to raise a family. One of her heroes was Leonardo da Vinci, who designed a flying machine. And it was her tales of Leonardo which first impressed on the young Igor's mind the belief that someday he would fly. His father's philosophy and speculative intellect, his essential honesty, and his mother's imagination—these young Sikorsky inherited and developed.

It was Sikorsky's father who first interested him in natural science, and also in mechanics. When he was twelve he made a model helicopter which, powered with a twisted rubber band, would rise into the air. That was a real achievement. But it was not nearly so exciting, at that age, as the making of bombs. This came about from his finding a pamphlet distributed by radicals which told how bombs could be made with simple materials. Young Igor bought the ingredients at a drugstore and set off bombs in the back yard to the delight of workmen on a house nearby, who stopped work every time Igor planted something in the ground and then ran.

The adventurous in Sikorsky prompted him to enter the Russian Naval Academy. After three years he left to take up engineering in Paris, and later at the Polytechnic Institute in Kiev. In 1908 he read of the flights of the Wright Brothers and determined to experiment in aviation. Oddly enough, he was not interested in mathematics and studies today essential in airplane designing. He preferred experimenting in his home laboratory. Sikorsky, like so many other airplane designers of the early days, is what might be called a pragmatic scientist. They used to say that Anthony Fokker trimmed his wooden wings with a saw when they didn't act just right—which is base libel, but also a story that illuminates the empirical methods of the pioneers. They had so little data to work with.

That Sikorsky should first turn to the helicopter is also typical of him. It had been thought of before, of course, but was considered impractical. However, as other men had preceded him in the building of airplanes he probably reasoned that it would be more interesting to build a flying machine that would rise vertically. He hoped to get it into the air and then tip it so that it would fly forward. This has since been done, but, alas, when young Igor made his first two helicopters there was not much known about wing design, and the engines were the primitive machines with which we used to wrestle with a hand crank in the days of the early automobile. They didn't have much power and they weighed a lot. But Sikorsky actually got his machine to lift itself lopsidedly from the ground, enough so that it waltzed around and almost tipped over. Then he abandoned the idea. For Sikorsky, despite his dreaming, despite speculation, is intensely practical. He knows the danger of projecting dreams to the point where they become obsessions. If a thing won't work, it won't, and that's the end of it. But if he believes it will work, he will stick to his idea until it flies, or until Sikorsky runs out of money. Then he builds it on faith, hope, and charity.

When the helicopter went to the junk heap, Sikorsky salvaged the engine and turned his mind to airplanes again. "If they can build them, I can," he said, when not quite twenty-one. His first airplane stayed in the air only a few seconds, and that by the grace of a good stiff breeze. He built another, and it flew, and while it flew Sikorsky taught himself to fly. Most of the early designers learned to fly in that way; there weren't any instructors. Bellanca once told me how he got into the air in his first plane and flew and flew until he got courage enough to try to turn it around. Such things seem incredible these days as we watch huge airplanes roar overhead, their pilots trained by the Army or Navy or by long civilian experience, guided by instruments, and powered by engines of 1000 to 1500 horsepower. Sikorsky's

INTERNATIONAL

René Fonck cracked up a Sikorsky plane taking off for 1926 transatlantic flight

ACME

After Fonck's crash Sikorsky built for another hop, but Lindbergh beat him to it

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engine was twenty-five horsepower, and was the best then procurable. And yet that first flight of his was only twenty-eight years ago. And after a total of eight minutes in the air he cracked up, and the plane was a total loss. That also was not unusual.

Money was hard to get, but his sister came to his aid, his father mortgaged his home, and the entire family stood by the lad who, the neighbors thought, was more or less a nut. But his fifth airplane was a success, and his seventh won the highest award in the Moscow aircraft exhibition—less than two years after he built his first plane. As a result, he made a contract with a large company in Russia to build airplanes, and when he won 30,000 rubles in an army competition, in which he defeated planes of foreign design, he began to plan a four-motored airplane.

III

This was at a time when the largest airplanes were single-motored, and carried only two or three people. An airplane of more than a ton seemed idiotic. The best engines were only 100 horsepower. A four-motored airplane! Whatever the Russian equivalent of "phooey" may be, it was said to Sikorsky. Logic was brought to bear on him, physics was arrayed against him. But Sikorsky, at eleven, had dreamed of great airliners with crews of several men, with sleeping bunks and kitchens and shower baths. His nimble imagination, backed by good judgment and engineering skill, saw nothing impossible in all this, despite the scoffers. And, fortunately, he found a man to back him.

INTERNATIONAL

Juan Trippe, head of Pan-American Airways, ordered Sikorsky's first big flying boats

It must be remembered that in those days almost nothing was known about the aerodynamic qualities of an airplane. Eiffel had made some experiments in Paris, but few designers even guessed that what lifted an airplane was a partial vacuum on top of the wing. The relationship of the chord to the span of the wing meant nothing, and most people thought that what lifted the plane was the downward force on particles of air. Again Sikorsky showed that instinct for the right thing which has so often helped him. His wing was longer and narrower than was usual at that time; it had what is called a high-aspect ratio, and only later did he learn that if he had used a wider and shorter wing his big ship would not have been able to get into the air. Why he picked the narrow wing he does not know, but he loves to speculate on the intuitive faculty in engineering which reaches conclusions not yet backed by logic or experiment. In his autobiography, *The Story of the Winged-S*, he says: "It often proved valuable to take the doubtful part in the hands to feel the weight, to try to bend a strut by hand. If some part of a plane under construction continued to raise doubts and suspicions, it was better to reinforce it. At a later date, when the aerodynamic characteristics of wings, and other data for calculation, became available, I learned with interest that in several cases such guess analysis actually arrived at reasonably correct conclusions."

The *Grand,* as Sikorsky's ship was called, weighed four and a half tons, a tremendous weight for his four 100-horsepower engines. It was inefficient, covered with guy wires and struts, parasite resistance all over it, but fundamentally it was a sound job. It had a wing spread of ninety-two feet. In front it had a balcony, and inside, a cockpit with dual controls, and a large cabin with four seats, a small sofa, and a table. In the rear was a washroom, and a closet for clothes. This was in 1913.

The confounded thing flew. Not only that, but it landed easily. Sikorsky flew it to his home town of Kiev, and on the way got into a spin in bad weather, the first spin he had ever experienced. By luck he got the plane out in time to prevent a crash. Cross-country transports were definitely in the future when that huge machine went hopping across southern Russia.

The odd thing about that development is that no other country seemed to learn of it, or copy it. When the War came on, Sikorsky began to build his big ships as bombers, and he constructed seventy-five of them. They were so well protected by machine guns—one was even in the tail, something adopted elsewhere only in recent years—that in 400 raids only one plane was lost. The big, lumbering flying forts used to pick German pursuit ships out of the air with ease; the Germans could not stop them. No other country had anything comparable to these bombers; none of them was used on the Western Front. They used to return to their bases filled with bullet holes, often with one or two engines out of commission, and on one occasion a wing was so badly damaged that, when the plane landed and the lift on the upper surface dropped, the entire wing fell off. Sikorsky was in close touch with all this. Where other war-plane designers worked in factories and learned about their planes through official reports, he lived at the front, knew the flying personnel as well as the planes.

Then came the Revolution. It ruined Sikorsky, but he seldom refers to it. He hates communists, and believes that the greatest danger to Europe is from communism, not totalitarianism. He had invested his earnings in government bonds and real estate. The bonds are worthless, and he couldn't take the land with him. But his dislike of the present system in Russia is not entirely monetary. He is at bottom an aristocrat, considerate, polite, fastidious in

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mind and habit. And although nobody can be kinder to the ordinary man than Sikorsky, and nobody is freer from a superficial expression of class distinction, nevertheless he is aloof. Communism to such a man is anathema.

IV

Sikorsky left Russia in March, 1918, and in a year found his way to America by way of Paris. He was used to a large land, and he saw in the United States opportunities for his talents. The bustle and vigor of life in New York fascinated him—the city was not dignified, but it was alive. He had to eat bitter bread—although it was really baked beans—for quite a while. He taught in a school for Russian émigrés. He lectured on astronomy. And sometimes he went to flying fields to watch other men fly. Aviation then was in the doldrums, and only occasional Army and Navy contracts kept any designers busy. Civil aviation did not exist, except for the barnstorming by War fliers in old Jennies.

Sikorsky's re-entry into aviation came about in a strange way. Among the Russians whom he taught here were men who knew of his work in Russia. They urged him to form a company, and they subscribed what they could to it. Among them he found mechanics and engineers who were willing to work for a song in the hope that their compatriot would turn out a successful ship. They started in a barn near Roosevelt Field, and they built an airplane out of odds and ends, things picked up in junk yards and the five-and-ten-cent stores. The motors were rocky, the plane was a mess, the tires blew out while it stood on the ground, but it got off to crash on a golf course. Too many workmen had crowded into it.

Sikorsky rebuilt the ship, got better motors, and the S-29 flew. It did so well that it would fly on one motor—it was a twin-engined machine. It would hold fourteen persons, and had a speed of 115 miles an hour. It carried grand pianos to Washington as a publicity stunt, and later was used as a flying cigar store. It was a good airplane, even if it was not as pretty as some. It was burned up in a movie, masquerading as a bomber. I remember that old plane out on Roosevelt Field. People who knew it used to point it out as the plane which was built by men who worked for nothing, inspired only by an ideal and hope. It used to be regarded with awe, and some veneration. Maybe that viewpoint is colored by time, but I think it was due to the effect Sikorsky's indomitable faith had on those who came in contact with him. Then came that awful crash of Fonck's, and the building of another ship for an Atlantic flight, the chances for which were ruined by a young man named Lindbergh.

INTERNATIONAL

Only two Sikorsky Clippers have been lost . . . one was piloted by ace Eddie Musick

During those long days at Roosevelt Field the newspapermen who covered aviation were having a difficult time in adjusting their minds to a third dimension. With rare exceptions, none of us knew anything about flying. But to those who wanted to learn Igor Sikorsky was always a willing teacher. This was not because of any great desire on his part to win recognition in the news. His burning enthusiasm was all directed to accomplishment. He had the patience to go over an airplane with anyone possessing human curiosity, and explain in detail what made the contraption work.

One of the qualities which has always characterized his airplanes is their structural beauty. I remember, when he first explained what made airplanes go up in the air, thinking that I had never seen a more graceful object than the plane which Fonck crashed. True, it had struts which have since been eliminated, it had wire bracing which is no longer used in such profusion, and the engines were between the double wings. But it had grace and line, it impressed on the beholder that self-evident truth, that efficient mobile things are usually graceful (witness the whale, the porpoise, and the racing yacht). And then Sikorsky would point out that some strut or brace or some protruding piece of structure had a resistance that he did not like, and that two projecting pieces close together caused so much turbulence that you might as well have stuck out a board broadside. He would take infinite pains to explain simple things, and he was just as critical of his own design as any outsider might have been.

V

With the end of the transatlantic venture Sikorsky turned to amphibians. There was only one good amphibian plane in the country, built by Grover Loening, and the field seemed wide open. But Sikorsky's first amphibian was an awful flop. It was not efficient, and there were no customers. He treated it as a lesson, got some more money from his backers and built another. It was a good airplane. The Navy ordered two of them. Pan-American ordered others, and the little ship—it was big then—was the pioneer plane to South America. Those amphibians flew more than 25,000,000 miles altogether, and out of them grew the present Sikorsky organization. It is not large compared to some airplane companies, but it led the way to flying boats.

The need for transoceanic aircraft was beginning to be apparent at this time—about 1930. Larger ships were needed, and obviously amphibians would not do. What was wanted was a big flying boat, toward which the early experiments of Glenn Curtis and (*continued on page* 38)

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DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Cafeteria Society

LOUISE LEVITAS

***THE END** of Bohemia . . . the frenzied individualists who joined a union . . . from Greenwich Village nickel night life to WPA and $23.86 a week . . . a Life in U. S. article*

IN the old days we used to meet at Stewarts' every night. Girls who were new to the Village made their debut there and were introduced to the editor of the *Partisan Review* or the stage manager of the Theater Union or the brains of the *New Masses*. Writers came there to read their unpublished manuscripts. The painters came there to hate the Academicians out loud. Barney, the neighborhood moving man, had his cards printed: "Office Hours, Stewarts' Cafeteria on Sheridan Square, 9:00 to 12:00 P.M." And the amateur philosophers, starting in on Marxism or Dadaism or Gertrude Stein, met the veterans and learned their phrases at the cafeteria tables. You pulled your check and you picked your fraternity.

It seems like a long time ago, but I guess it's only a few years since we were all sitting around Stewarts' over our coffees. I remember this night, particularly, because everything appeared to be just the same as it had always been —a couple of pansies standing outside the revolving doors, waiting for a friend; Lu Chang at the table nearest the entrance with five copies of his book, waiting for tourists; Lily looking exotic at the far side of the room, waiting too; and most of the people I knew in the Village sitting

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around at the other tables — But after that night, nothing was ever the same.

This was a warm fall evening. I'd just come back from Woodstock, where I'd been working as a model for the summer. I had exactly a dime when I reached town, and I was looking for a place to sleep.

Walking into Stewarts' was like coming back to the family—that *gemütlich* feeling of being home again. Lu Chang stopped me to ask about Woodstock, and then I went over to say hello to Lily. I suppose what I mean by exotic is just the amber beads and heavy mascara that Lily wore. Because she dressed like all the other girls in Stewarts'. They all turned out in carbon copies of the same number, whether they were short or tall, plain and dumpy, or thin and beautiful. That season it was a Basque dress with a tight bodice and loose skirt, arts-and-crafts earrings, sandals, and long, wild-looking hair. In ensemble they could have been a Martha Graham chorus.

When I came in wearing white dimity that was all the way up to my neck—with a blue sash—my hair up in a pompadour and a daisy tucked in the tendrils, it amounted to a social triumph. Karl Manheim, who was sitting at the next table with Joe Saxe and Harkavy and Rosa, offered me his chair with a sweep of his hand and a toothless smile. (He couldn't afford false teeth then.) He was leaving, anyway, to give a poetry reading at the Green Cat—atmosphere for sightseers. Harkavy grabbed my bundle. Joe moved over to make place. For Stewarts', where we girls not only paid our own way, but also carried our own trays, it was a brass-band welcome.

Rosa took care of me right away. "Come on over to my place tonight," she said. She put people up every night, even the bums in the park. "There's plenty of room."

I asked her, "What's the matter with Lily? Why the solitude?"

"She's temporarily 'at liberty,' " Joe pushed in.

"You mean it's all over with her latest?"

Joe nodded. Lily had arranged all three of her marriages in Stewarts' salon. They just didn't seem to last very long. She was a poet—of the earthy school—and I suppose when she got intense over her poems, her husbands turned out to be very anemic.

Then Harkavy came out of his moody silence. "She is lonely," he told us in a brooding voice. That was the first thing he'd said since I arrived. I must have interrupted the eternal argument between Joe and Harkavy, and Joe looked as if he were just warming up again. Meanwhile, I went over to the counter to get coffee.

I remember how the desserts were piled on that counter, in those lush, elementary colors that you find only in cafeterias—strawberry custard pie, cantaloupe à la mode, shivering cubes of red, green, and yellow Jello mixed together, giant-sized prune buns. The management saved them up for the tourists on Saturday night, when there was a "minimum charge" of twenty-five cents because with that supply on hand they had to cater to a more appreciative clientele than we turned out to be.

When I came back to the table, I caught the tail end of the conversation—something about the worker's place in the artist's audience. I don't know why Joe and Harkavy always sat together; they disagreed furiously on everything. Harkavy looked like Frankenstein—tall and gaunt, with an enormous black mustache draping his mouth—and Joe looked like a little fox terrier nipping at his ankles. Joe could argue on both sides of the fence, anyway, and the sound of his own voice putting flourishes on ordinary English was the sweetest sound he knew. Harkavy was saying thanks, he didn't want any plumbers to pass on his creations. Joe said boloney, that was because Harkavy's work was decadent, that the working class gave a healthy vitality to Art, and that the Trouble with Art in America was that it was controlled by the stinking intellectuals who were occupying the editorial chairs. Paul came over then from a near-by table to give the Party dictum on the Trouble with Art in America. Harkavy wasn't even interested; he said he hated "political" discussions. He started making conversational passes at Paul's girl, who was new to Stewarts' that season.

There we were, just the same as on any other night, in session at Stewarts', and expecting to keep on like that for all the nights to come. And then Max came through the revolving doors. We didn't know it, but Bohemia was going out of business.

We just noticed that he was late and that he didn't stop for salutations. Except, when he saw me, he pinched my cheek: "Baby, when did you get back!" But instead of drawing up a chair he stood in front of us, looking gravely important, as though he were going to make a speech.

He stuttered, he was so serious. "Listen," he said, "w-we're s-s-starting an Artists Union. All you s-s-so-called artists are invited to join."

It sounded like an awfully good joke. Harkavy gave his bitter imitation of a laugh. Joe asked were we going to affiliate with the House Painters, Decorators, and Steam Fitters Local? What for? was what he wanted to know. But Max brushed the remarks away like mosquitoes.

"What the hell," he said, spilling the whole thing in his excitement. "With the PWA, the Government's giving out jobs to the ditchdiggers and bookkeepers. Why shouldn't artists get paid too? Organization—that's the thing that counts. If we all get together, we can demand jobs for artists!"

Jobs for artists! Harkavy looked at him with disgust. What kind of *jobs* could artists have?—Fetter our souls to a routine. Paint for money! We all felt that way. It wasn't only crazy; it was heresy. Besides, how could there be a union for art? We weren't factory workers. Where was the freedom of the individual an artist had to have?

"Sure," Max jeered, "you're all free to starve. Sitting around, talking about your private art—'so-and-so's painting stinks,' 'so-and-so's murals are lousy,' 'such-and-such a gallery doesn't know a primitive from an olive-oil ad.' You're just too lazy to ask for what's coming to you!"

Paul was the only one who backed him up. Naturally, Paul thought it was a swell idea— (*continued on page* 42)

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INTERNATIONAL

News versus privacy—Mrs. Capone visits Al in Alcatraz

INTERNATIONAL

Some escape, duck, or fight the photographer; Doris Duke calls a cop—right into the picture

INTERNATIONAL

Hope Dare, shown in court after she and boy friend "Dixie" Davis were captured

Surrender of Privacy

MEYER BERGER

A SURVEY *of the major attacks on American privacy... rôle of camera, questionnaire, and poll... wire tapping in hotel lobbies and maternal secrets from First Lady*

SINCE the first Neanderthal sourpuss gained crude shelter by disputing title to the Paleolithic caves with the prehistoric beasts who originally owned them, man has thumped his breastbones and made grand speeches about his inherent right to privacy. He has fought bitter and wasteful wars on the issue. Ever paradoxical, however, he eventually devised a community social system and opened the way to destruction of his precious right. In the present era of universal assault on privacy he is one with the goldfish, an unhappy creature driven each day to fresh surrender.

The devices brought to the attack are his own boasted handiwork. The telephone and its bastard offspring, the long-eared wire-tapping apparatus; the radio with its ubiquitous microphone; the current flood of questionnaires; the spread and mushroom growth of keyhole journalism; the prying eyes of the candid camera; the newsreel; the traffic in mailing lists—all these and countless other agencies are directed against their creators. Man flees from Paul and Polly Pry as Frankenstein before his monster, but their breath is hot on his hackles.

Great nations invade the privacy of small ones with short-wave broadcasts. They distribute receivers free, or at cost, to accomplish this. Democratic states, in self-defense against the totalitarian countries where the idea originated, have also set up powerful stations. With these they blanket the mouthings from abroad, then roar *their* messages at the helpless smaller states. This raucous chorus, which might well be the call to Armageddon, violates the peace of the desert, disturbs the calm of the banana republics, drowns the prayers of the faithful rising from Mecca and Jerusalem.

At home, the Federal Government last year sent out 135,000,000 questionnaires seeking exhaustive data on trusts, industry and business in general, and on the personal habits, condition, and conduct of citizens. Uncle Sam, in the zeal of New Deal reform, laid his questionnaire stethoscope on the hearts of 12,000,000 unemployed. He got intimate glimpses into the private lives of the other half by scanning the annual income-tax reports and, for a time, let the whole world in on these secrets by permitting publication of income-tax figures. Each state, city, and county relief board, in addition, has snooped into tenement squalor to document the misery of millions of the nation's poor who are on relief.

Somewhat less earnest, perhaps, are the questionnaires unleashed by magazines and newspapers to sniff out men's and women's innermost secrets on rather intimate subjects. *Redbook Magazine,* announcing in 1937 that "We must know the facts," conducted an extensive survey on chastity. The guinea pigs for this test were college girls and boys. When the papers came back and the interviews ended, the virginal were separated, with great relish, from the non-virginal. Other categories included "the burnt," "the inhibited," "the experimenters," "the careless," and "the inverts." This made such good reading that the same publication plumbed sex life on the campuses of fifteen men's colleges and came up with exact percentages on the "hotbloods" and the "moderates." The statistics were spiced with personal anecdote.

This wholesale surrender of privacy seems—to one who recalls, if somewhat dimly, when indiscreet betrayal of approaching maternity sent ladies in blushing retreat from the parlor—just a little startling. It shows, if nothing else, how swiftly this surrender has come. Nor is this surrender of privacy confined to the so-called younger generation. Within the past two or three years magazines have conducted successful surveys on: premarital relations, marriage, drinking,

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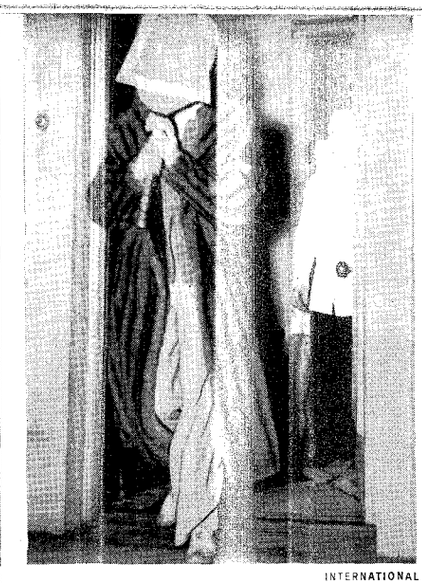
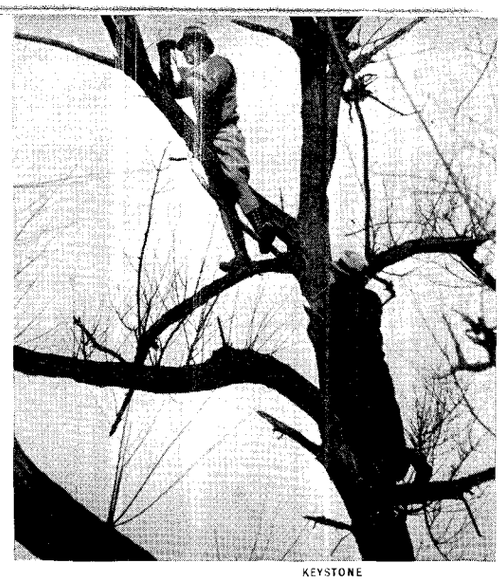
ACME

Mrs. Jackson Barnett (right), widow of "world's richest Indian," and daughter battle for privacy



INTERNATIONAL

A typical Hepburn pose when rumor had her engaged to Howard Hughes



KEYSTONE

Overland spying—the last resort of Lindbergh kidnap reporters

morals generally—"Will your children avoid your mistakes?" "What worries you most?"

Among other things the *Woman's Home Companion* wanted to know were: "Do you like your foundation garment to be boned?" "If yes, where do you like the bones?" "Where do you buy your corsets?" "Do you like slide fasteners?" "Do you like a long foundation garment that comes down well below the thighs?" A natural extension of this line of inquiry, incidentally, is found in the current tendency of *corsetières* and other foundation merchants to send women agents into steam baths and to public beaches to inquire into women's preferences in such gear.

Public lists of men and women about to have a try at marriage are eagerly copied each day by agencies that sell mailing lists. Before the first nuptial kisses have dried, the mailman is at the door with letters offering bassinets, furniture, a diaper service—or whatever. The Marital Relations Institute sent 40,000 questionnaires to couples in nine cities. "Why are you marrying?" they wanted to know. "How long do you think your marriage will last?" and "Do you expect to raise a family?" They got 18,000 sets of complete answers.

II

THE personal poll, too, has caught on and is bound for God knows where with the bit in its teeth. Gallup (American Institute of Public Opinion) reaches on an average of 200,000 men and women a year on subjects ranging from "How are you going to vote?" to opinions on all important national affairs, preferences in reading—almost anything. The British Institute of Public Opinion, an offshoot of the Gallup venture in the United States, recently polled Great Britain on the question "Would you welcome the return of the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor?" The enthusiastic co-operation of the public in this case was a body blow to the tradition of the Englishman's firm stand on privacy.

Paralleling all this are the commercial polling services using the average man and woman as stooges. The Psychological Corporation, for example, interviews 50,000 or more persons every year. Many of these are polled on their reaction to unmarketed products. Working through a "consumer panel" in ten key cities, it leaves an unmarketed product in a certain number of homes on condition that those who accept it explain later why they found the product satisfactory—if they did—or why not. In one instance, housewives had to answer the rather personal question "Does your husband use a deodorant?" Another personal-poll service startled mothers in

ACME

An intrepid publicity man posed this shot of J. P. Morgan and midget before the banker knew what was up

HARRIS & EWING

From the picture series, "A day in the life of a Senator's wife"; Mrs. Claude Pepper after her surrender to the press cameras

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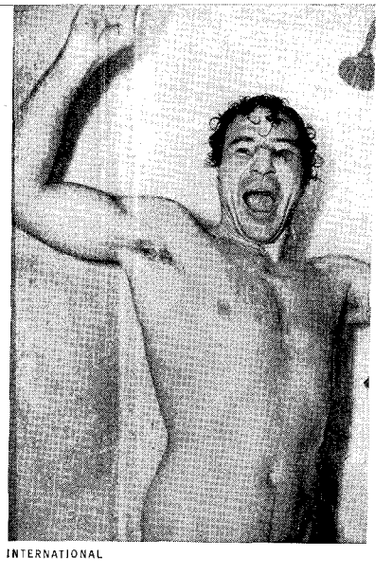
ACME

For the record: Sen. Glass's tears when honored on 25th year of Federal Reserve

ACME

Last fall Sally Rand slugged a theater candid-cameraman, held his shots were "intimate"



INTERNATIONAL

Max Baer took the camera for granted after whipping Farr

New York's private Gramercy Park by asking bluntly, through the iron picket fence set up to insure privacy, what laxatives they gave their children. In a recent street survey a national liquor concern had its agents stop women on Fifth Avenue to demand whether they took their whiskey straight, or with setups.

Time, on the other hand, goes about its prying with a rather gay air. Reaching out to 52,000 readers for a statistical picture of their home life, habits, and hobbies, it admits on the questionnaire cover that "Like all questionnaires, this one is an imposition." On the last page it rewards the subject with a literary cheerio. "Thanks a lot," it says, "for catering to our thirst for knowledge." Still, this coy approach is not necessary. The Crossley Rating System and the Clark-Hooper Research Bureau, engaged in charting the nation's preferences in commercial radio programs, rings the telephones in some 880,000 homes every year. They find that most Americans neither resent this nor think of it as wholesale surrender of privacy.

III

THERE are infinite examples of this surrender on every hand. It is evident in the public eagerness to express opinions and pose for pictures for Inquiring Reporters who roam the large cities. It is seen in the willingness of people to be interviewed before microphones on details of home life and personal habits. It pops up in the surrender of intimate secrets to radio personalities of the Voice of Experience type, who exploit them on the air; in the syrupy probing into the hopes and aspirations of the men and women who appear on the amateur hours. One of the worst examples is the sadistic tear jerking of announcers who preside over the so-called air "courts." The newsreel, in addition to other crimes against privacy, sins in its heavy-handed humor when bringing ignorant sweepstakes winners to the public gaze.

Still another phase of the common surrender of privacy stems from Walter Winchell's amazing success with columnar and radio gossip. Behind him has sprung up a legion of imitators, trying to outdo the master in revealing the ultimate in intimacies of the great and the near-great. Sid Skolsky, for example, hit on the idea of including in his personality sketches of film stars and other celebrities the exact location of whatever moles or other birthmarks his subjects possess; whether they sleep in pajamas or, as he so quaintly puts it, "in the raw."

The spread of this type of reporting has reached high places. Even the First Lady, in her daily column which is printed in something like seventy leading newspapers, surrenders maternal se-

ACME

The Lindberghs visiting Paris, still pursued, still dodging

ASSOCIATED PRESS

A private detective defends Vanderbilt privacy after the battle for custody of young Gloria

HARRIS & EWING

Morgenthau and Farley: the mere act of eating has become a photo fetish

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KEYSTONE

J. P. Morgan, Sr., doubly camera-shy in his late years because of a disfigured nose, waged constant war on photographers

INTERNATIONAL

Lady Astor often objects; like most bitter-enders, she is occasionally caught in such unflattering poses as this

crets in the Winchell tradition. She lets her readers in on intimate details of family life and on the homier White House parties. Anna Roosevelt Dall Boettiger, her daughter, joining in this jolly yielding of privacy, announced in her husband's newspaper last fall: "My mother and I . . . made plans for the looked-forward-to arrival of my mother's newest grandchild. The biggest question was, could mother arrange to be on the spot to help into the world a new citizen of Seattle." This, obviously, stemmed directly out of the Winchell "blessed-eventing" technique.

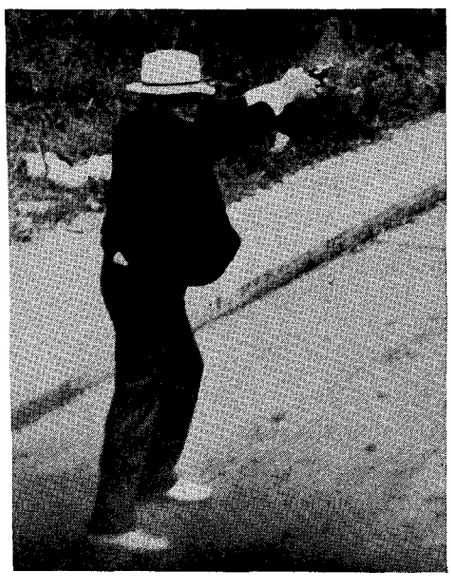
IV

THOUGH the surrender has been more or less general, a few valiants here and there throw up their shields and meet the attack with stubborn resistance. The war at the moment is chiefly against the candid camera, one of the most destructive engines in the campaign against privacy. The miniature camera and the large models equipped with special lenses that spy across great distances on the innocent and the hunted are the invaders' machine guns and heavy artillery.

Greta Garbo's fight to maintain her privacy is a classic. She has been pursued across oceans and continents with the camera shutters clicking away steadily, but still grimly refuses to compromise. Dark glasses, a hunching behind high coat collars, and frequent use of folded newspapers to cover her features constitute her defensive equipment, but she has done nobly with them. She stood off whole battalions of the enemy during her recent visit to Cannes with the venerable Stokowski. Barbara Hutton has put up a good fight, too, and so has Doris Duke. They are caught, now and then, but not without a struggle. Miss Duke, angered on one occasion by the persistence of cameramen, called a policeman to protect her. It made a good picture. Lady Astor bore down on a photographer when he leveled his camera at her on the links. The result was a picture study of a harassed noblewoman ready to strike with upraised brassie.

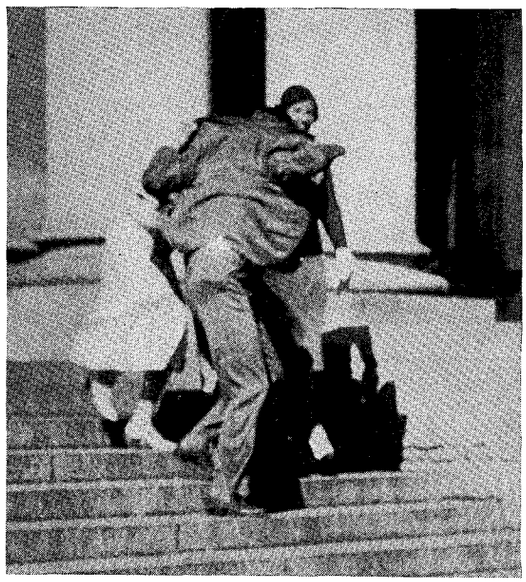
Colonel Lindbergh and Anne Morrow are refugees from the candid camera. During the kidnap investigation the news photographers even adopted the method of the Kaiser's World War snipers—they shot at long range from treetops, using the Big Bertha lenses. The Lindberghs fled to England after a photographer almost forced the family car off the highway in an attempt to get a shot of Jon, their second-born, as he returned from school with his nurse. The pursuit is still on, abroad.

Cameramen do not carry on their ruthless war without danger, but they don't care about that. In Knoxville,



ACME

Camera 1 caught this man firing at camera 2; no casualties, two photos



INTERNATIONAL

Reno: refuge from publicity surrounding divorce in most states, but not free of photographers

INTERNATIONAL

Mrs. Samuel Insull and son, the latter expressing an opinion

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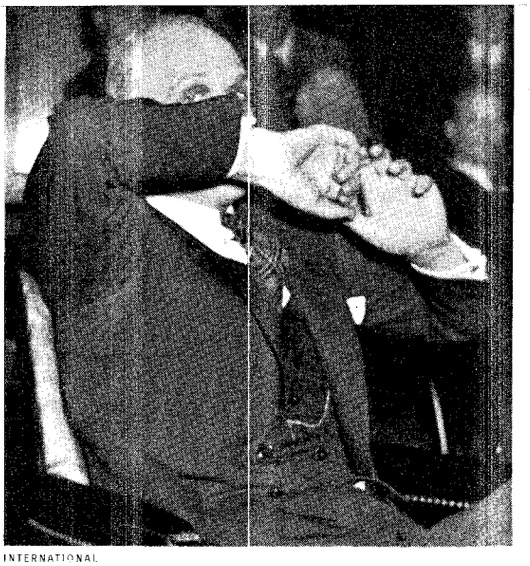
INTERNATIONAL

Garbo—determined not to surrender, betrayed by a mirror



INTERNATIONAL

Reverend John H. Stanton, questioned in Senate committee room during Civil Liberties hearing

WIDE WORLD

The First Lady returns from a trip on twenty-ninth wedding anniversary

Tennessee, not long ago, Edward McNew, a politician arrested on a charge of drunken driving, fired four shots at Howard Jones, a news photographer. He missed. Jones didn't. The late Dutch Schultz, boss racketeer, cursed the cameramen with his dying gasp, after he was fatally wounded in Newark. The cameramen paid no heed, but kept popping their photo-flash bulbs at him until he was carried into the hospital to die.

And the candid-camera invasion is still growing. It got under way in a major offensive with the success of the picture magazines—the *Life, Look,* and *Pic* types—reaching violent proportions at the coming-out party of the debutante Brenda Diana Duff Frazier. Miss Frazier's mother, hoping to hold off the camera hordes, hired her own photographers to take pictures of this event, but this was no help. The *Daily News,* next morning, delighted its millions of readers with a front-page spread of candid shots (and more inside) obtained by staff men. These showed what the *News* called "society's $4,000,000 glamour girl" receiving a light buss on the cheek from a handsome young man. A lot of group shots, taken when the festivities were high, also appeared. "Bow's a Wow!" said the *News* headlines.

V

MILITARY engineers and bloodthirsty romanticists dream of the coming of a death-ray machine to destroy whole armies. The forces engaged in the war against privacy are a step ahead of these dreamers in that they have arrived at something that approximates the invisible lethal ray—the gadgets of the wire tapper and refinements of these gadgets, now available for commercial and social use, and misuse. These provide the tapper with the fabled cloak of invisibility. With their aid he enters the home as the unseen guest, becomes a specter at your side when you comment on new cars at the automobile show, or records your talk when you stop to discuss a window display. In one of New York's greater hotels he listens in on your lobby chitchat, if he thinks you look at all suspicious. All this is accomplished with very sensitive concealed microphones.

The Speak-O-Phone Corporation and the Dictaphone Corporation sell these listening devices in the open market, but do not advertise them too freely. Prices range from $50 for small portable outfits to $1250 for so-called de luxe models. Private detectives use them, chiefly in obtaining divorce evidence and in labor spying. Husbands use them to keep a record of conversations carried on by their wives (Vallee vs. Vallee). And one café-society wit plants the tiny microphone under a table occupied by

INTERNATIONAL

Jeanne Nolan, whose mother was murdered, tries to escape crime publicity after court inquiry

ACME

Ted Strong capitalizes on the public's curiosity, runs a "celebrity service," providing the latest news and whereabouts of big shots

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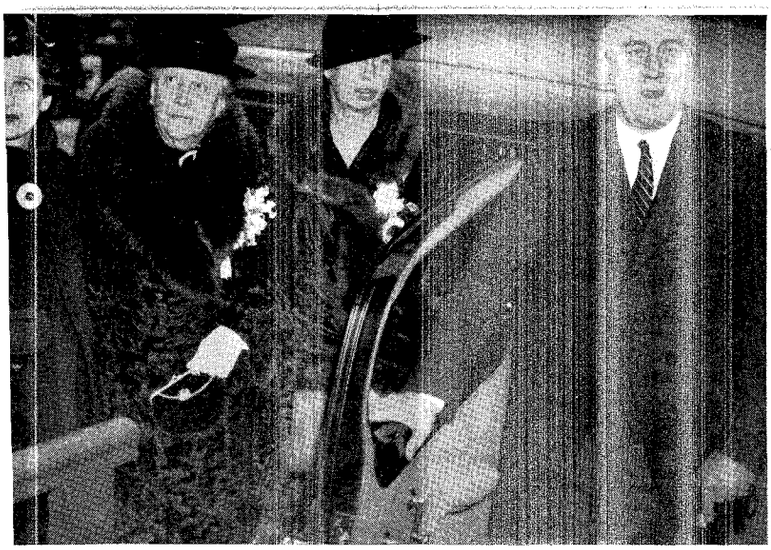
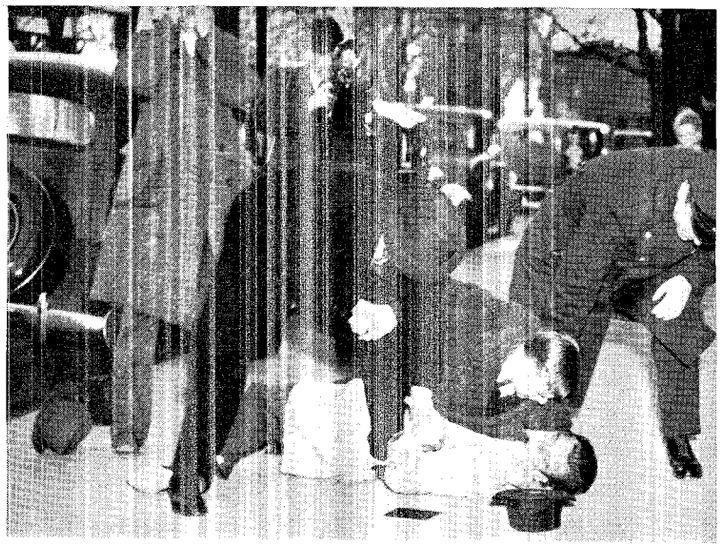


HARRIS & EWING

Since slump in FDR popularity a few editors have run photos revealing his infirmity; most publications trim prints (as above)



ACME

Photographer (on top) and man who tried to stop him from taking pictures of family implicated in crime

friends—or strangers—then listens in with earphones or records the small talk on aluminum phonograph discs, some distance from where the victims sit.

The inevitable result was application of the device to modern parlor entertainment. A salesman for the Speak-O-Phone Corporation tells how some up-to-date hostesses delight in hiding the microphone in cloak rooms or powder rooms where the guests' gossip is apt to be most lively and uninhibited. After the sixth or seventh round of cocktails, a playback of the phonograph record of these conversational fragments mocks the ones who uttered them. Apparently all this is done in a spirit of ghastly clean fun.

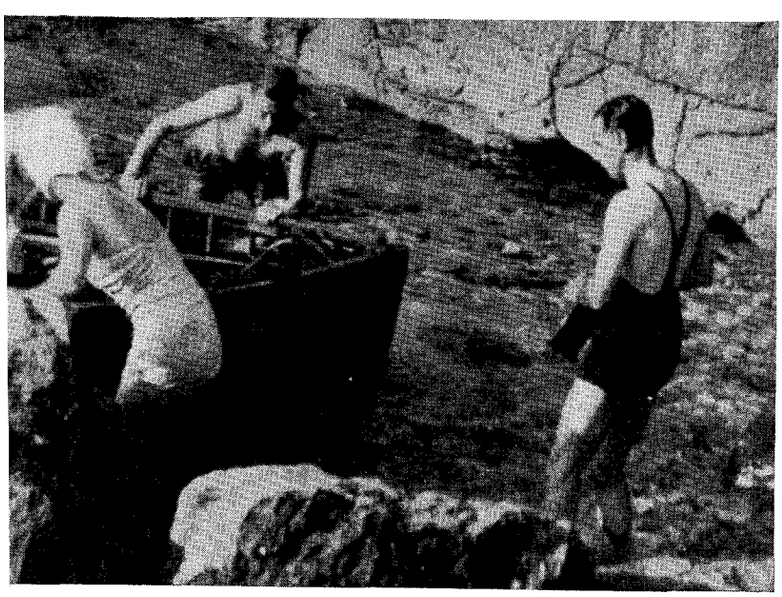
The wire tapper, incidentally, has the blessing (more or less) of our august Supreme Court. Learned attorneys have tried to argue that wire tapping is a direct violation of the Bill of Rights; that it destroys the legal verity uttered by Lord Chatham in 1765—the one that holds that "Every man's home is his castle." The Court ruled in 1928, in a bootlegging case where the evidence was obtained by wire-tapping Federal agents, that "Intervening wires are not part of the home . . . any more than are the highways along which they are stretched." Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes dissented. "Wire tapping," wrote Justice Holmes, eloquently, "is dirty business."

Yet Government wire tapping flourishes. District Attorney Dewey has defended it as a necessary weapon in the war on crime, and his investigators make constant use of it. The New York Police Department has a staff of former telephone-company workers who are expert at it. The Treasury Department maintains schools where the art is taught to agents. There have even been reports that in the past, Government wire-workers have, on occasion, been used during political campaigns, to "tap for dirt" on the lines of opposition candidates.

VI

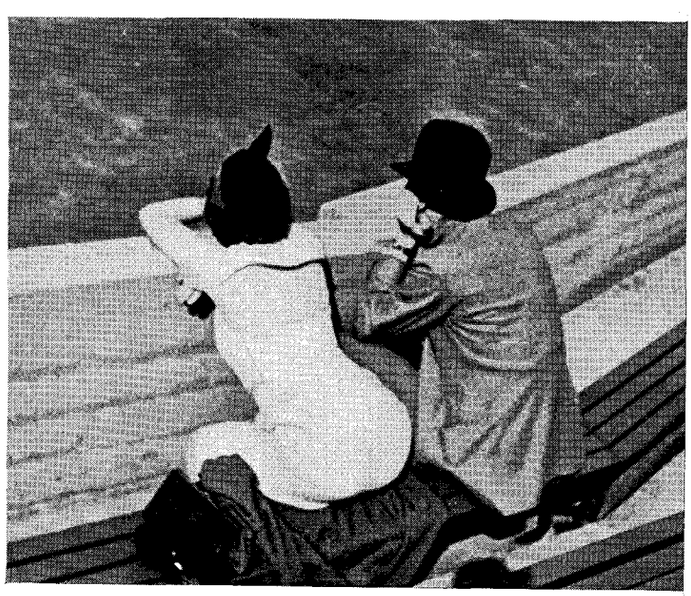
Only five states—Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and California—accept the right to privacy as a common-law standing; but even in these communities the right is not strictly upheld. In a Los Angeles theater, last fall, a highly publicized American danseuse objected to candid-camera addicts taking intimate shots, when her specialty called for little or no costume. She whacked one of the offenders, was sued for assault and battery, and was fined $100. The Court maintained that she had no right to privacy before an audience that had paid to see her. The decision came as a shock. "What burns me up," the defendant told reporters, "is that apparently I'm to have no such thing as privacy."

The dancer was Sally Rand.



ACME

Pre-abdication picture of Edward and Mrs. Simpson at the height of their romance publicity—taken on the sly with Big Bertha lens



INTERNATIONAL

Snapped at a Forest Hills tennis match, this shot, entitled Temptation, *won 1st prize at a Leica show*

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HARDIE GRAMATKY

The Heroes

BY MILLEN BRAND

Author of "The Outward Room"

Now he is listening to a stethoscope over his own heart. It beats loudly in time to a row of exploding shells coming nearer and nearer. He manages to get into a cellar, one shell hits the building, a wall falls over, and he is only able to save himself by lying under a gun. He hears a voice say, "Magneval"; he recognizes it. The gun begins to move and, in order not to be killed, he gets out, pulls at the debris of the wall with both hands; he tears pieces of masonry apart, and has almost cleared a way out when——

He opened his eyes and without raising his head from the bed, looked around him. He still felt the dream and for a moment could not realize where he was; the living course of the dream broke into the early morning light—he knew. In a soldiers' home. Two and a half days in the white loneliness of the receiving ward, then last night the Superintendent had brought him here, to the room assigned him in the dormitory.

The morning light was growing. What was this room? He had hardly seen it the night before. He raised up on his right arm; the empty left pajama sleeve fell across his breast.

He looked around the room. It was a small, low-ceilinged room, about eight feet by twelve, with a single window. There were two double-sectioned wooden shutters coming out from the sides of the upper half of the window so that it could be darkened. The shutters were closed now; light grew slowly. The color of the room was gray: walls, floor, door, woodwork, two cane-bottomed chairs, the bedframe, all were painted the same flat gray. He looked around and he began to understand; he understood that here nothing would touch him, here he was sealed away where nothing of his past could reach him. This was the way prisoners felt. Sealed away. Prisoners serving their known terms even had an advantage over him; they knew when their terms would end. But he had no way of knowing when his term would end, or even whether he would ever come to the end of it. Probably he would. But he could not be sure. Whether he would or would not depended on a very simple thing—on work.

If he could get work.

He wondered what time it was. From the light he could tell it was early and the building around him was completely silent. He lay resting for a while, then stretching and wanting to move, he got up.

II

The sun had risen higher and a line of sun, shadowed with elm leaves, came into the room. But it was still early. He sat near the window with a pad on his knee writing a letter.

Dear Mary,

Should have written you sooner, hope you haven't been worried. Got here without trouble Tuesday and after being in the receiving ward was examined by the home surgeon and as examination was O.K. have been given a room in the dormitory.

Tell Frank and Kitty it's a farm here and quite nice, grounds are nice too.

Well, Mary—Sis, I do miss you. I want you to know you've been fine and I would have let you and Pete help me but I know you've got more than enough to do as it is. And don't worry about me, I'm all right and will get along O.K. here.

Love and a big hug for Frank and Kitty, and lots for yourself,

George

After writing the letter he sat still and looked at the leaf shadows moving on the wall. Then he looked at the pencil he had used which had printed on it: Leedsville Pharmacy, 245 Gardener Street, Leedsville. He got up and put the pencil and the letter on the bureau.

Leedsville. He thought of how three days ago he had left it. Although it was only ninety miles away, the trip from Leedsville, by bus, had somehow seemed extraordinarily long. . . . Changing mountains, a series of small, valley-pocketed factory towns; after the first hour the heat and the smell of gas from the motor and particularly that continually rising and dying whine buses have overcame him. He withdrew into himself, in a kind of coma—he was not used to bus riding, he stopped noticing anything until there was a final stop, the driver came down the aisle and said, "Okay, this is where you get off." He had then the feeling of having come a great distance, not the ninety miles he knew it was.

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He thought of what had happened then. He had reached up awkwardly and taken one of his suitcases from the rack and the bus driver had taken the other. Now he was at the edge of the bare concrete highway, the bus door was closing, he was alone. He looked around. In front of him was a metal arch, two posts reaching up holding a curving band on which were the words, in iron letters, SOLDIERS' HOME; behind the arch was a grove of pines, the pines bare, large, dark.

There were no buildings, nothing else at all in sight.

He took the handles of the two suitcases together in his right hand, and lifting them walked under the iron arch into the grove of pines.

III

HE had walked about fifty yards when the weight of the two heavy suitcases began to split his fingers apart; strong as he was he could not carry both suitcases any farther. He put one down and went on with the other.

Ahead, a change of sun on the road showed him he was coming to the end of the pines. He walked steadily forward and when he came out into the open, saw in front of him the "home," the actual home—grounds and buildings. It had been surprising to him to see those buildings for the first time—all yellow, a blinding clapboarded yellow, with no private houses—then the fields surrounding them. Beyond rose wooded hills scarred, as most New England hills are, with patches of granite. Of the buildings he could see, one, a large gabled structure, was evidently the main building; to the left of it was a smaller connecting wing, and still farther to the left was a chapel. Beyond these he saw parts of other buildings and the end of a barn. Everything looked empty and still. He went back for his second suitcase.

When he returned to the edge of the home grounds, he saw a man coming toward him, evidently an inmate. The man was about his own age, maybe slightly older; he was tall, thin, loose-boned, wore heavy serge pants and a clean white shirt open at the neck; both pants and shirt looked worn. His face—and it made Burley immediately forget the rest of the man's appearance—was badly disfigured; the right cheek and part of the jaw had been shot away. Shrapnel? As the man approached, Burley tried not to show that he was noticing his disfigurement, but at a certain moment he was suddenly sure the man read awareness of it in his eyes. It seemed to make no difference; simply and without embarrassment he came up and said, "I saw you leave your suitcase and thought perhaps I could help."

"Thanks," Burley said. "Thanks a lot."

The man's attitude—his courage, for he had not hesitated, with a bad disfigurement, to come out and offer his help—gave Burley an immediate respect for him. And as he looked at him, at the face which was strong and self-contained in spite of its disfigurement, his feeling changed to liking. He held out his hand. "My name's Burley," he said. "George Burley."

"Mine's John Hrubes."

Both of them, he thought now as he stood by the bureau, had from that moment felt no embarrassment. They had walked together to the main building, Hrubes carrying one of the suitcases, and there, at the Superintendent's office, as there was no further help to give, Hrubes had left him. As he looked back at it now, this simple friendly act on the part of one of the men in the home had made his coming into the new world of the home much easier: he had been afraid that here he would find only beaten men; instead the first man he met had been a man he could like and respect.

IV

HE had dressed. He walked over toward the window; he felt the stillness, the expectancy of morning. The Superintendent had told him last night that there was a rising bell at six-thirty and a bell for breakfast at seven. He had heard the rising bell and realized now that he was listening for the second bell, he was listening for it as a signal to start the day, a day which he knew would mean much to him, which would tell him much about the home and about the life he was to lead here.

As he waited, looking out at the green fields, as he waited for this day to begin, he thought of what it had been only a year ago. Then, starting the day would have meant walking certain streets, coming to a certain shop; a certain smell—of varnish remover, shellacs, paints—would have settled in his nostrils; the day ahead would have meant a job, work. Putting surfaces on wood; he had been a skilled cabinet finisher for ten years. He moved his hand on the window sill, without realizing it testing this surface of poorly painted wood.

A flat farm wagon drove creaking down the road at the edge of the fields, under the row of elms; he was looking at it when the harsh clangor of the breakfast bell arose. It shook him, and the room trembled with it; at last it stopped, the ringing, even the echo of the ringing died away.

It was time to go down; he had to do it, begin this new kind of day in his life. As he stood waiting, he heard the steps of men outside, in the corridors. He waited deliberately until the steps had passed, ceased, then he went into the hall and down the stairs.

The dining-room doors were open. He walked across and entered, entered a large room in which forty or fifty men were seated eating at rough wooden tables. As he walked forward into the room, he wondered what to do; then among a group of men at one of the tables he saw the marred face of Hrubes, the man he had met three days ago. Hrubes beckoned, and he went over to him.

"Why don't you sit down here?" Hrubes said. "We got a place for you if you want to."

"Thanks," Burley said. "Be glad to."

He took a seat, and Hrubes introduced him to the other men at the table. "I kind of thought you might be down this morning," Hrubes said.

"I just got my room last night."

"How do you like being a ward of the State?" one of the men asked.

"I don't know much about it yet. Guess it's better than starving—"

"Right."

"How do you like the Superintendent?" another man asked Burley.

"Seems to be all right."

"He's just about as good as

Scribner's
SHORT NOVEL

When Millen Brand's first novel, "The Outward Room," was published, Sinclair Lewis said: "I don't know that I have ever seen a more exciting first novel." Erskine Caldwell called it "a dazzling memento of life." Book critics gave it great praise. The Book-of-the-Month Club made it their selection. And more than 140,000 Americans bought it. Now from this brilliant young writer comes a second novel—"The Heroes." SCRIBNER'S takes pride in offering a special short-novel version of this important work of fiction. The full-length book will be published by Simon & Schuster this spring.

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they come. He give you a good room?"

"Seems like a good one to me."

"Which one was it?" As this question was asked, Burley saw particular interest at the table. He said, "One called Troy."

"Troy!"

"The room old Jake Logan died in," the stout man said. Immediately turning to Burley, he said, "Guess I shouldn't have said that. But hell, there ain't hardly a room in the place somebody ain't died in. Most of them several has died in. Jack," he said to Hrubes, "there's six died in Brattleboro, ain't there?"

"So they say."

As the men talked, Burley looked at them. They looked like men who had had to work for a living; for the most part they did not look as old as he had expected. In the entire group two-thirds seemed to center around the mid-forties and a third around the mid-sixties. The younger men, he thought, were World War veterans like himself; the older men were veterans of the Spanish-American War. The older men seemed to have passed the full climax of life, but the younger men had an irritated, restless look, as if they had, like him, a fund of unused energy.

Not seeing anybody in the room who looked old enough to be a Civil War veteran, he said to Hrubes, "Are there any Civil War veterans here?"

"No," Hrubes said, "about two years ago the last one died."

"Too bad, too," a young man said. "The old muzzle-loaders was good for one thing—" He glanced around. "They kept the Spaniards in their place."

"You mean they helped us control you heroes," one of the older men said.

V

When he finished breakfast, he and Hrubes got up and went out of the dining room and, crossing the lower hallway, entered the recreation room. Here he saw most of the men he had seen in the dining room. They looked comfortable; he could see they liked this room; it was the same as in a house, some particular room becomes the room where everybody goes, becomes the "hangout."

The room was filled with the sound of conversation, of matches lighted and blown out, of chairs moved, the hundred minute sounds that made up its usual tone. Hrubes and Burley walked over to a group of men standing by the fireplace, and Hrubes introduced Burley to these men: Charlie Stewart, Eli Cumminger, Ed Ford; most of the names Burley could not remember. After the introductions, they talked awhile.

He looked down the length of the recreation room, at the rows of gray chairs shadowing the floor; he looked around at the men. A question was growing in him, a question he probably could not ask. Men talking. Men beginning to play cards, pool. He looked at their faces, listened, tried to find an answer in their eyes, the motion of their arms. What did they do? How did they occupy their time? It was not yet eight o'clock. Four hours to noon and even at noon the long afternoon and evening would stretch ahead. He looked at the faces. He saw courage. He also saw something else, something that was in part an answer. The men were waiting, they had the knowledge of waiting. It was in an occasional glance, in the tired, sure flip of a card on the table. It was in the very air, separate from the men; it moved in smoke, light. "By the waters of Babylon I lay down and wept." He saw waiting in a hundred eyes.

"How about going outside?" Hrubes said.

"Okay."

Outside they went down a flagstone walk and began to follow a road that went past the vegetable garden.

They passed the laundry. As they were passing it, a truck drove up and turned in sharply and backfired. The sound was loud enough to make him jump, then he noticed Hrubes. Hrubes had stopped, his face white; he was fighting something.

"What is it?" Burley said.

"It's all right," Hrubes said. "Just a minute." When he had regained his composure, he said, "Sorry. I don't know why that had to get me so—" He was still breathing rapidly, and Burley said, "You're sure you're all right?"

"Yeah, I'm all right." He hesitated and then said, "Guess I might as well tell you what it is— guess you know anyhow. It's shell shock. I got a bad wound in the back of my head the same time I got this—" He pointed to his face. "And since then, noise has more or less been hell for me. Even ordinary noise bothers me—"

"Maybe we'd better go back to the— to—"

"No, I'm all right now."

They were silent for a while and then Burley noticed the sound of the factory motor coming across the fields, beating insistently and steadily; it could be heard above the hum of noise that came from the fields. The beat seemed to grow as he listened to it, and he said, "The factory motor, does that bother you?"

"Some. No, it don't really bother me. I've worked in mills most of my life, and the sound of machines, most machines, is steady; I can stand it better than ordinary sounds. Even after I come back from the War, I could still stand it okay —I stood it for ten years. Then all of a sudden it got too much for me. When it got to be more than I could stand, I quit and come here to rest up. After that I went back and I stuck it out for two years more. Then I had to quit again. Now I'm trying to get back in again."

"Do you have to work in a mill? Couldn't you find something quiet, something you could hold steady?"

"Well, you know how jobs are these days. It's all I can do when I quit to find a job again even in the mills—"

Burley knew. He said, "But you got a disability. Service-connected, too. If you applied for a pension, you ought to get a pretty good rating, enough to live on. You tried that?"

"I tried it. You got a pension?"

"I got one. But it's non-service-connected—"

"You didn't lose your arm in the War?"

"No, it was right after—"

"That's tough in a way—"

"Yeah, I might as well have lost it in the War, then I could get a decent pension."

"But you got a pension."

"Yeah, just a few dollars—"

"You're lucky."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you what happened to me—I don't know if you'll believe it or not. Four years ago I applied for a pension and like they always do, they looked up the War hospital records and they couldn't find no record of my injury. Not just the one in the back of my head —they couldn't find no record of any injury. You know what the War hospital records are." Burley nodded. "So then they said I'd had this wound, the one the disability's based on, before I entered the service. When I entered the service, I was certified without disability by two boards of doctors, one local and one in Texas. But they wouldn't take that, said it was a mistake. I got affidavits from my employer before the War, from people who knew me in my home town, Shoatesbury, from my doctor, all saying I had no disability, but they claim it's insufficient evidence. Well, what am I gonna do?"

"It's crazy."

"You said it's crazy, but that don't help me none."

VI

At twelve they had dinner. When it was over, Hrubes said, "Feel like taking a walk and seeing something of the town?"

"Yeah, I do," (*continued on page 44*)

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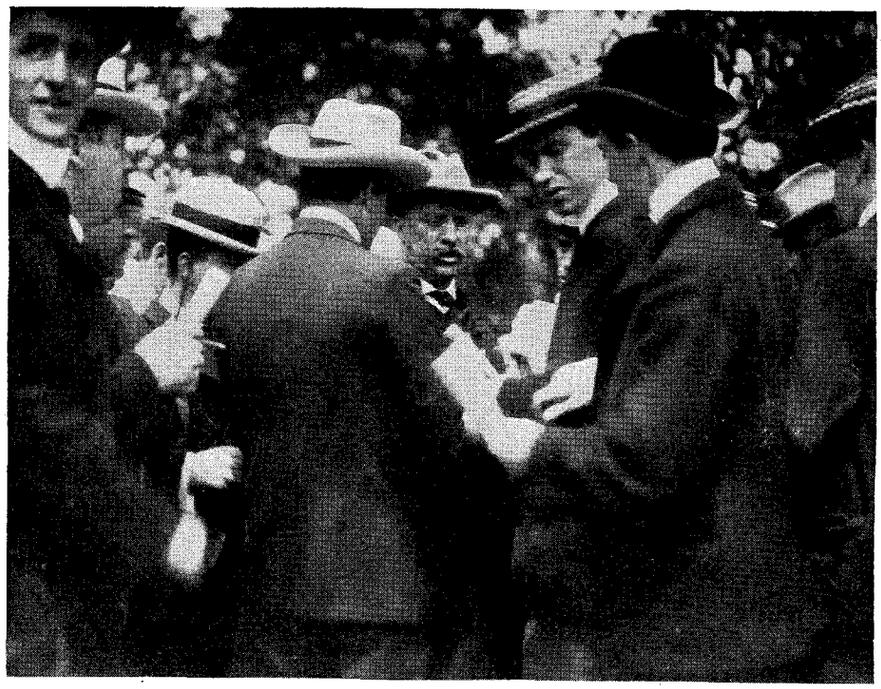
Government Publicity Machine

C. R. WALKER



BROWN BROTHERS

The dynamic Theodore Roosevelt, interviewed before McKinley's death in 1901

AN ANALYSIS *of Federal press-agentry... the cost and technique of selling the New Deal to 130,000,000 Americans... how it compares with totalitarian propaganda*

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt stepped up to a microphone in that ominous spring of 1933 and delivered his first fireside address, he inaugurated a New Deal in Federal publicity. Director Leggett of U. S. Information makes a horseback guess that news coverage of Government activities has risen 400 per cent since 1933. The guess is probably accurate. Anyhow, seventy-odd press sections in Washington issue over a ton of handouts a day. And counting out the totalitarian states, the United States Government now runs the largest machine for informing and persuading public opinion in the world.

Federal publicity may hit you between the ears when you tune in on a speech by Mr. Ickes, or it may dawn gently on your mind as you read above the stamp window at the Post Office: "Write a Letter Today to the Folks Away." Federal publicity will provide you not only with the New Deal's recipes for recovery, but also with a lot of data on solar radiation. It will give you specific advice on how to keep from getting pellagra, and cogent reasons why the United States should defend South America from Fascist aggression. Indicative of its scope is a booklet for radio fans issued by the Department of the Interior which competently instructs you how to imitate the noises of an Indian war whoop, a machine gun, or a katydid.

In bulk, Government publicity has always been large, but the New Deal has trebled it. Over at the Government Printing Office is a moving belt a thousand feet long which carries mail sacks through an underground tunnel into the Post Office. The sacks drop off the end of the belt at the rate of six a second. Their contents add up to 90,000,000 printed items a year, a sum nearly equal to all the books in all the public libraries of the United States. It is hard to say how much of this is publicity, but more and more of it is sent free by the Post Office. The cost of mailing under the franking privilege according to Mr. Farley's accounts has jumped from $10,000,000 a year to $35,000,000 since 1933.

A committee headed by Senator Byrd has investigated Federal publicity and tried to figure out how much it cost. The committee didn't succeed—partly because the definition of Federal publicity is obscure, and partly because a 1913 law forbids departments employing a "publicity expert" without specific authorization. The "experts" have been using other titles, and tons of Federal publicity has for a generation been technically illegal. But $612,000 in salaries for authorized publicity was reported. Some of the individual agencies compare favorably in publicity output with our major corporations. For example, Federal Housing has produced eight movies witnessed by 94,000,000 people and has arranged 150,000 radio broadcasts.

The Federal "publicity machine" is big, it is also functionally complex, and it is powerful. But it isn't new. Most of the techniques of "mass propaganda" adopted by the Government at the time of the World War lingered on into normalcy and after. They were notably in evidence in the Department of Commerce during the prosperity years, and when Mr. Hoover became President, it was estimated the Government spent $3,000,000 a year on handouts alone. As the Government has added functions its publicity has grown. But neither functions nor publicity have ever grown so fast as under Mr. Roosevelt. Functionally, and job by job, the Government's publicity is as complex as its program.

II

OF all the agencies of the Government old or new, the Department of Agriculture has the biggest and most complex publicity apparatus. To begin with, Agriculture is complex in at least three dimensions: time, space, and political ideology. The organic act creating the

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Department was signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1862, and agricultural publicity began immediately. Although other duties have been added, Lincoln's first mandate holds, to "acquire and diffuse useful information on subjects connected with agriculture." For the decade *before* the New Deal, the Department spent nearly a million a year on agricultural publicity. Spatially speaking, its publicity network covers Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska, and the forty-eight states. Its state extension services, its 1500 county agents, and its 3000 demonstration agents are scattered all over the map. Ideologically it is complicated too. Under the same roof with its old-fashioned bureaus and services are such aggressive newcomers as AAA and Farm Security.

To carry on publicity ranging from *The Planting and Care of Lawns* to Mr. Wallace's "action program," the Office of Information receives an annual appropriation of nearly $1,500,000. Each of Agriculture's eighteen sub-administration services and bureaus has publicity dispensaries. And the media employed vary from show-window displays on soil conservation to nationwide broadcasts.

At the nerve center of this mechanism of enlightenment is M. S. Eisenhower, whose experience—he joined the Department in 1920—and salary of $8000 to $9000 a year place him among the big shots in Federal publicity. One of the things Mr. Eisenhower's department does with its left hand is to issue some 1700 handouts a year. Your Washington correspondent doesn't see many of them, for the releases are efficiently regionalized for the cotton-belt reader, the wheat farmer, etc. In the rooms above Mr. Eisenhower's office, clerks answer a million letters of inquiry a month, most of them by dispatching a "bulletin." Of pamphlets and other printed items the Department distributes 25,000,000 copies a year, ninety-five per cent by request only, Mr. Eisenhower is careful to insist. For farm bulletins have long been a favorite object of ridicule and attack in Congress. A few years ago a Senator accused the Department of wasting taxpayers' money by printing a bulletin on the love life of the bullfrog. The controversy raged wildly between 1931 and '33, until the romantic information was found to be chargeable to the United States Commissioner of Fisheries.

Agriculture has a number of radio experts who are learned also in agronomy and manage the most listened-to of the Government's programs, Agriculture's "National Farm and Home Hour." The program proves that radio publicity isn't a New Deal invention. "Farm and Home" was established in 1928, under air-shy Mr. Coolidge. Agriculture has also its own production unit for making movies. Of 533 Government films listed for showings, 305 are accredited to Agriculture's publicity department. Here are a few of the titles: *Why Moths Leave Home, Blood Will Tell* (cattle), *Pop Goes the Weevil, Routing the Rodent Robbers, Livestock and Mankind.* . . . There is also: *Fungi Snare and Destroy Nematodes*—but that title was probably chosen before Federal publicity became streamlined.

III

THE State Department's decorous pressroom, approached through dignified corridors with high ceilings and latticed doors, suggests an earlier and now all but defunct ideal in Federal publicity. Michael J. McDermott, Chief of the Division of Current Information, issues releases which are dignified, noncommittal, and few in number. Twice a week, Mr. Hull answers correspondents' questions in a press conference. But although the Department of State has no high-powered publicity staff, it may soon become the key of our international public-relations policy. Already a new Division of Cultural Relations (mainly with South America) is issuing publicity to make Americans hemispherically conscious.

For the past six years, however, the New Deal's domestic activities have absorbed most of its energies and been given the major publicity build-up. And for the most pressing mandate of all, recovery—through relief of the unemployed—it has leaned heavily on those famous New Deal juggernauts, PWA and WPA. Last spring with the country once more in the throes of "recession," PWA went into high gear again. On a coast-to-coast hookup Mr. Ickes announced: "The 1938 Public Works program is off to a flying start . . . 2000 projects . . . $600,000,000 worth of construction . . . jobs for workmen . . . creation of new business . . . spread of purchasing power . . . expansion of credit. . . . In short . . . recovery of our whole economic system. . . ."

This is a fine example, not only of Mr. Ickes' catholic optimism, but of the breathless ebullience which pervades PWA's publicity apparatus, and especially the spirit of Michael Straus, who left the Chicago *Examiner* to become its director. Even the waiting room has an air of militant optimism. Everywhere are magnificent photographs of PWA dams, bridges, schools, courthouses, city halls, culverts, and sewage systems. The telephone rings incessantly; there is a queue of visitors to see Mr. Straus. In short it has a little of the feel of Grover Whalen's office at the World's Fair.

INTERNATIONAL

Taft posing affably in 1922, the year after Harding made him Chief Justice

PWA's function is to put men to work at socially useful projects as an aid to recovery, and in four years it has created a billion and a half man-hours of work at the sites of projects, and "behind the lines" generated an additional three and a half billion more. It has spent $3,074,586,000 on wages and materials. Obviously the handling of publicity for this juggernaut is a man-sized job. And the Government does not pay, contrary to popular rumor, large salaries to its "high-powered" publicity men. A public-relations counsel shouldering Mr. Straus' responsibilities in private indus-

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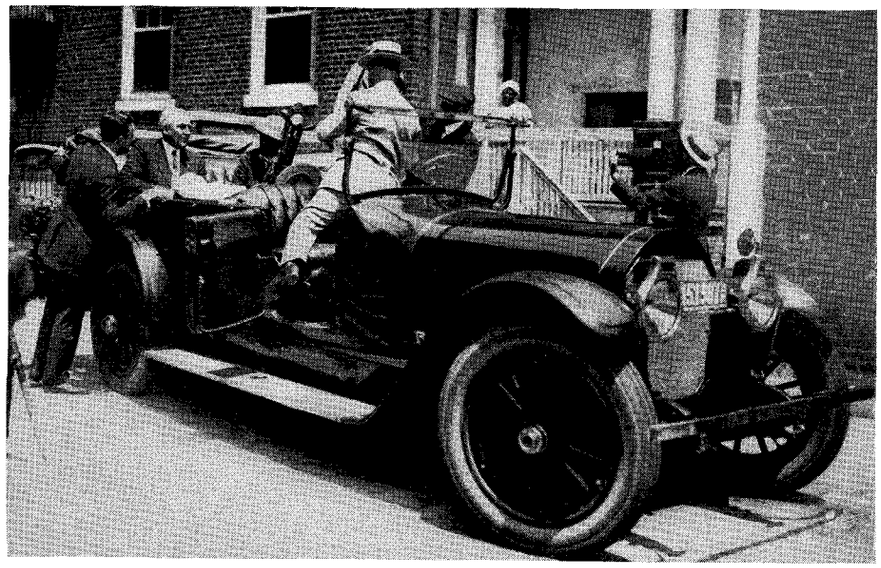
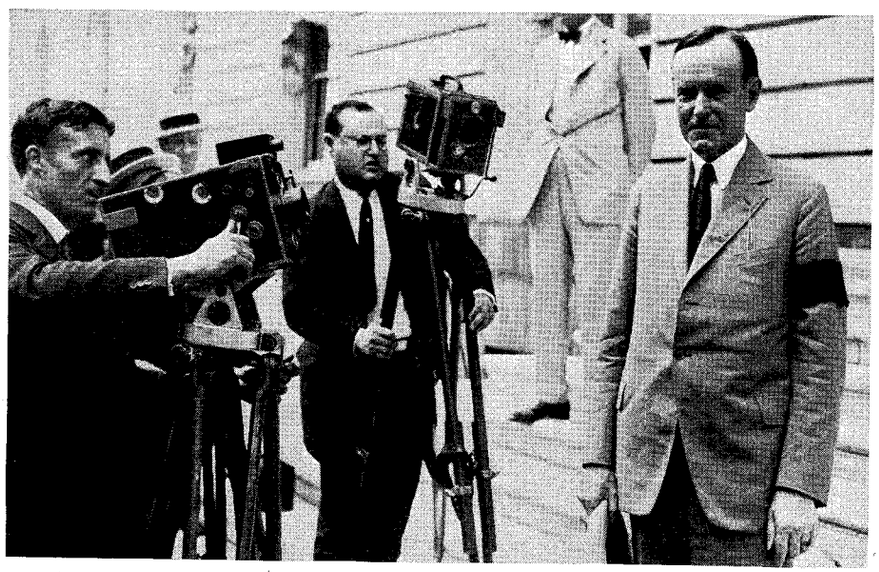


BROWN BROTHERS

Harding during 1920 campaign; newspapermen appreciated his lack of pretense



ACME

Coolidge soon after taking office; he could never quite cope with a camera

HARRIS & EWING

F.D.R., master of public relations, in typical White House press conference

try would receive $25,000 a year. The Government gives Mr. Straus $8000 to $9000, which is tops. The average Director of Information in a Government agency gets from $1500 to $5000.

Just to compile and diffuse statistics on 26,000 projects is a big stint, but neither Mr. Ickes nor Mr. Straus feels that it exhausts a publicity expert's duties. Mr. Straus is perfectly explicit: "I have been selling PWA for the past five years. I believe that after Congress—not before—has authorized a Government program, it is the duty of a Federal press agent to root for it. Give the public all the facts, but also explain why it is to the public's interest to support it. I crusade for PWA with photographs, movies, radio, and everything else I can lay my hands on." He does. And there are PWA's 10,000 engineers, whom Mr. Straus also instructs to root for it. For these purposes he has an appropriation of $50,000 and a staff of twenty-one.

In contrast to the ebullience and aggressiveness of PWA Mr. Roosevelt's other juggernaut for putting people to work is on the defensive. One reason WPA hasn't been scoffed or chortled out of existence long ago is the continued presence of some 10,000,000 unemployed in the United States. Another reason is WPA's publicity bureau.

If you look through WPA's Division of Information in Washington, you will find the records of several hundred broadcasts, the films for twenty-one motion pictures, and a few remaining copies of pamphlets which have run through editions of 25,000 to 3,000,000. You will find that WPA has improved over 120,000 miles of farm-to-market roads . . . built 12,212 public buildings, improved 36,510 . . . developed 14,458 parks, playgrounds, and athletic fields . . . and produced plays for 26,000,000 people. In short, it has given work to 15,000,000 persons, spent $9,000,000,000.

But you will also find a clipping service which every day tells the publicity director precisely what the American people think of WPA. Boiled down, a lot of the clippings say: "All WPA projects are cockeyed, WPA is inefficient, a waste of the taxpayers' money, and a racket." Naturally WPA believes passionately in the basic solidity of its public services, and the Director of Information a few months ago was in a state. He sat painfully on the horns of a dilemma. With bombs falling from every hand, if the publicity staff didn't defend WPA they'd be sunk. If they did, they'd be charged with wasting the taxpayers' money and be sunk too. WPA grasped both horns of (*continued on page* 36)

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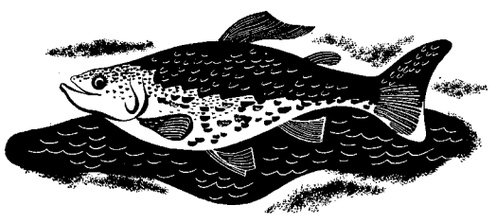
The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

For new readers, we include these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page* 68)

1. According to present plans, the King and Queen of England will come to North America this spring by means of:

(1) the royal yacht *(2) a dirigible*
(3) the new liner Queen Elizabeth
(4) the British battleship H.M.S. Repulse
(5) a transatlantic plane *(6) a raft*



2. If you were a young trout, less than 30 days old, you would be called a:

(1) fry *(2) fingerling* *(3) roe*
(4) joey *(5) trite* *(6) mocker*

3. "Please," sniffed the poor street waif, "won't someone tell me what the Canadian national anthem is?"

(1) Yukon Get a Thrill Out of Me
(2) The Maple Leaf Forever
(3) God Save the King
(4) It's a Cold Land, But a Good One

4. Next time you see a newsreel with Henry Cotton in it, you can tell your neighbor that you wish you could ..... as well as he does:

(1) play golf *(2) pitch a baseball*
(3) ride a horse *(4) drive a racing car*

5. Which one of these has the right of way at an airport?

(1) any woman with calloused feet
(2) planes taking off from the field
(3) planes descending from the air
(4) any plane taxiing across the field

6. *Grandma Called It Carnal* is the name of a current, much publicized:

(1) movie *(2) play* *(3) book* *(4) mural*

7. If you were a furniture manufacturer, you would find an unusual number of co-workers in one of these cities:

(1) Atlanta, Ga. *(2) Grand Rapids, Mich.*
(3) Albany, N. Y. *(4) Norfolk, Va.*

8. Just who is Francis B. Sayre?

(1) new president of General Motors
(2) U. S. Assistant Secretary of State
(3) Ambassador to Italy, just appointed
(4) sensational dancer in the movies

9. "Surely, my dear," exclaimed the horrified husband, "you must know that a vicuña is:

(1) a wild ruminant of the high Andes"
(2) an ancient Elizabethan smock coat"
(3) a sort of pouch for carrying arrows"

10. Who was supposed to have said, "We will spend and spend, tax and tax and elect and elect!"?

(1) Benjamin Franklin *(2) Harry Hopkins*
(3) Henry Clay *(4) Stephen A. Douglas*
(5) Jay Gould *(6) Cornelius Vanderbilt*

11. The young rabbit blushed to the tips of its ears but still didn't know whether coral was:

(1) animal *(2) vegetable* *(3) mineral*

12. You must recall the sinking of the *Vestris,* but do you remember where and how she sank?

(1) in mid-Atlantic due to a collision
(2) in Lake Michigan during a storm
(3) in a gale off the Virginia coast

13. "Don't claim to know much about art, but I reckon Antoine Watteau did most of his painting in the ..... century," the old man sourly remarked:

(1) 16th *(2) 17th* *(3) 18th* *(4) 19th*

14. If you were a metallurgist, your best chance of employment out of this group would probably be with:

(1) a dentist *(2) a steel company*
(3) a pipe maker *(4) a fruit packer*

15. Which one of these words is not a synonym for your skull?

(1) calvarium *(2) cranium* *(3) cortex*

16. Airplane designers have discovered in late years that they can get considerably increased speed by:

(1) removing ailerons, rudders, and struts
(2) lowering wings, narrowing fuselage
(3) streamlining engines into the wings
(4) heating pilot's seat to discomfort

17. The other day a gentleman dropped the word "salubrious," which we picked up and discovered meant:

(1) beneficial or healthful *(2) ironic*
(3) depressed *(4) well-intentioned*

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18. Any Southerner knows that cotton is usually picked in:

(1) the spring *(2) the fall*
(3) the winter *(4) the summer*

19. The late Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees, made his fortune chiefly through manufacturing:

(1) beer *(2) men's suits* *(3) toothpaste*
(4) tires *(5) ice cream* *(6) jewelry*

20. Which one of these is not a well-known U. S. race track?

(1) Hialeah *(2) Santa Anita* *(3) Pimlico*
(4) Epsom Downs *(5) Havre de Grace*

21. And speaking of race tracks, the paddock is the enclosure where:

(1) horses are exercised
(2) horses are clocked for speed
(3) standing room only is sold
(4) horses are usually bred

22. Only this past January Hitler appointed another man to replace Dr. Hjalmar Schacht as:

(1) Secretary of the Nazi Party
(2) his chief political strategist
(3) head of the German Reichsbank
(4) his Grand Official Mustache Trimmer

23. Let's see, now, that organization by which Dr. George Gallup ascertains the U. S. public's attitude is called:

(1) Institute of Public Attitude
(2) U. S. Society for Polling the Public
(3) U. S. Society of Untrammeled Opinion
(4) American Institute of Public Opinion

24. If you were a ..... you would wash all your food before eating it:

(1) waiter in a Greek restaurant
(2) snake *(3) rabbit* *(4) raccoon*

25. The new Attorney General, Frank Murphy, has all but one of these accomplishments in his past record:

(1) Mayor of Detroit
(2) Governor-General of the Philippines
(3) Governor of Michigan
(4) Assistant Secretary of Labor

26. What's the trade-mark for the Pontiac automobile?

(1) an Indian head *(2) an auto wheel*
(3) a three-masted sailing ship
(4) a winged foot *(5) an ornate "P"*

27. Prior to the one opening this spring, New York City has had how many other world's fairs in its history?

(1) one *(2) two* *(3) three* *(4) four*

28. For many years the Skoda munitions works in ..... have been the second largest in Europe:

(1) Czechoslovakia *(2) Rumania*
(3) Germany *(4) Poland* *(5) France*

29. Most rubber is made from the ..... of the rubber plant:

(1) stalks and bark *(2) juice*
(3) fruit *(4) leaves* *(5) roots*

30. "Daddy, how do you pronounce this word?" asked Junior, pointing at "cache":

(1) kaysh *(2) cash* *(3) cash-SHAY*

31. With the coming of spring each year, Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus leaves its winter quarters in:

(1) Baraboo, Wis. *(2) Birmingham, Ala.*
(3) Sarasota, Fla. *(4) San Diego, Cal.*
(5) Ft. Worth, Tex. *(6) Rochester, N. Y.*

32. Do you have difficulty recalling the name of the fighter Joe Louis beat in the first round not long ago?

(1) John Allen Lewis *(2) James Peter Louis*
(3) John Henry Lewis *(4) Joe Mitchell Louis*

33. Just in case you don't know for what the city of Limoges, France, is famed, we are asking you:

(1) the last shot fired in the World War
(2) the breeding of French poodles
(3) the death of Napoleon
(4) the manufacture of china

34. Ectoplasm is one of those things you deal with if you are:

(1) an Egyptologist *(2) an astronomer*
(3) a musician *(4) a spiritualist medium*

35. According to law, "the tumultuous disturbance of the public peace by an unlawful assembly of ..... or more persons in the execution of some private object" constitutes a riot:

(1) one *(2) three* *(3) five*
(4) ten *(5) fifty* *(6) one hundred*

36. Those riding breeches that fit closely from the knee to just above the ankle are named jodhpurs after:

(1) the first British Governor of India
(2) a well-known Siamese smoking drug
(3) the Indian town of Jodhpur

37. The restoration of colonial Williamsburg in Virginia to its pre-Revolutionary status is famed all over the U. S. and was paid for by:

(1) the United States Government
(2) John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
(3) Henry Ford *(4) Charles M. Schwab*

38. On most American college campuses today ..... are almost a standard article of wear for both boys and girls:

(1) sweat shirts *(2) brown felt hats*
(3) brown and white saddle sport shoes
(4) raccoon coats *(5) red wool socks*

39. If you hear a man cry, "It's pied!" you can be pretty sure that he is a:

(1) printer *(2) cobbler* *(3) cook*
(4) wine maker *(5) plasterer* *(6) barkeeper*

40. If you had won the National Ski Jumping championship at St. Paul last year, you would have had to jump about:

(1) 40 rods *(2) 100 ft.* *(3) 150 ft.*
(4) 215 ft. *(5) 390 ft.* *(6) 500 ft.*

41. Which one of these big American companies specializes in the manufacture of gunpowder and allied products?

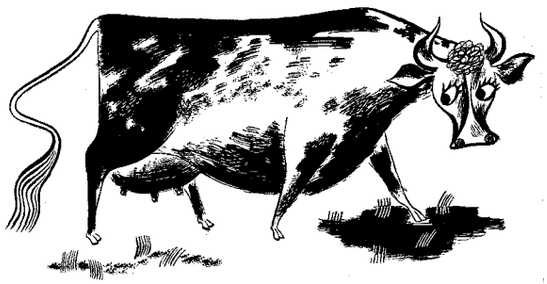
(1) Jones & Laughlin *(2) E. R. Squibb*
(3) Remington Rand *(4) Hercules*

42. Any Aztec stranded with a bankrupt theater manager in Indianapolis would have to go all the way back to ..... to reach his native home:

(1) Minnesota *(2) South Africa*
(3) Argentina *(4) Mexico* *(5) Tibet*

43. Mussolini's Foreign Minister is his:

(1) brother *(2) son-in-law*
(3) stepson *(4) grandnephew*



44. "She was just an old brindle cow," according to the sentence, which meant that she was a cow with:

(1) dark streaks on gray or tawny ground
(2) a dark-red coat *(3) brown stripes*
(4) black and white spots all over

45. This spring one of these statements will be true:

(1) England has stopped her rearming
(2) Finland is host to Olympic athletes
(3) Most of our fleet is in the Atlantic

46. During the past four years our Federal Government has spent the biggest chunk of relief money on highways and roads, and the second biggest chunk on:

(1) Democratic Party hotel brawls
(2) housing *(3) public buildings*
(4) state relief grants *(5) conservation*

47. Those who have followed the newspapers know that Earl Carroll recently:

(1) opened a big Hollywood night club
(2) started a dancing school in Boston
(3) was appointed head of the President's National Youth Movement

48. At sometime you have probably worn lisle socks or stockings, but did you know that they were made of:

(1) silk and cotton *(2) rayon and linen*
(3) cotton *(4) rayon and cotton*

49. A lot of us don't even know the age of President Roosevelt:

(1) 52 *(2) 57* *(3) 61* *(4) 65*

50. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain is seldom photographed without his:

(1) pet dachshund *(2) umbrella* *(3) wife*
(4) mother *(5) ancient derby hat*

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LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

MISSISSIPPI

This month, in line with SCRIBNER'S recently announced policy of presenting a camera view of one state in each issue, the photographic section is devoted to Mississippi. The following six studies, we believe, have caught perfectly the spirit of both old and new life in that state. For technical information about the photographs, see page 40.

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

RIVER BOAT, by Walker Evans

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"*MONTEIGNE,*" *by Alexander Piaget*

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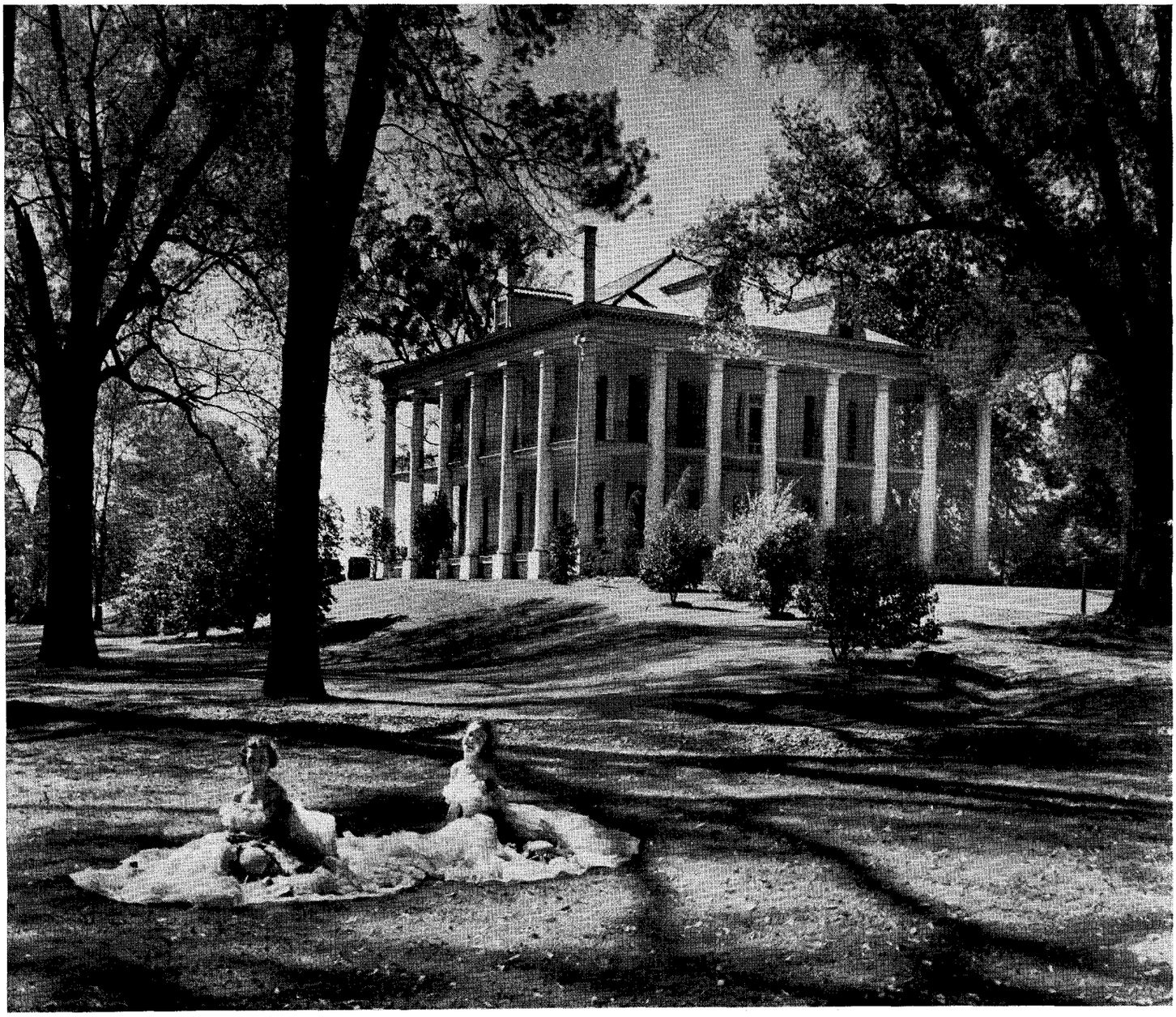

"DUNLEITH," by Alexander Piaget

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FLIGHT FORMATION, by Betty Lawrence

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COAST GUARD RESCUE, by Anthony V. Ragusin

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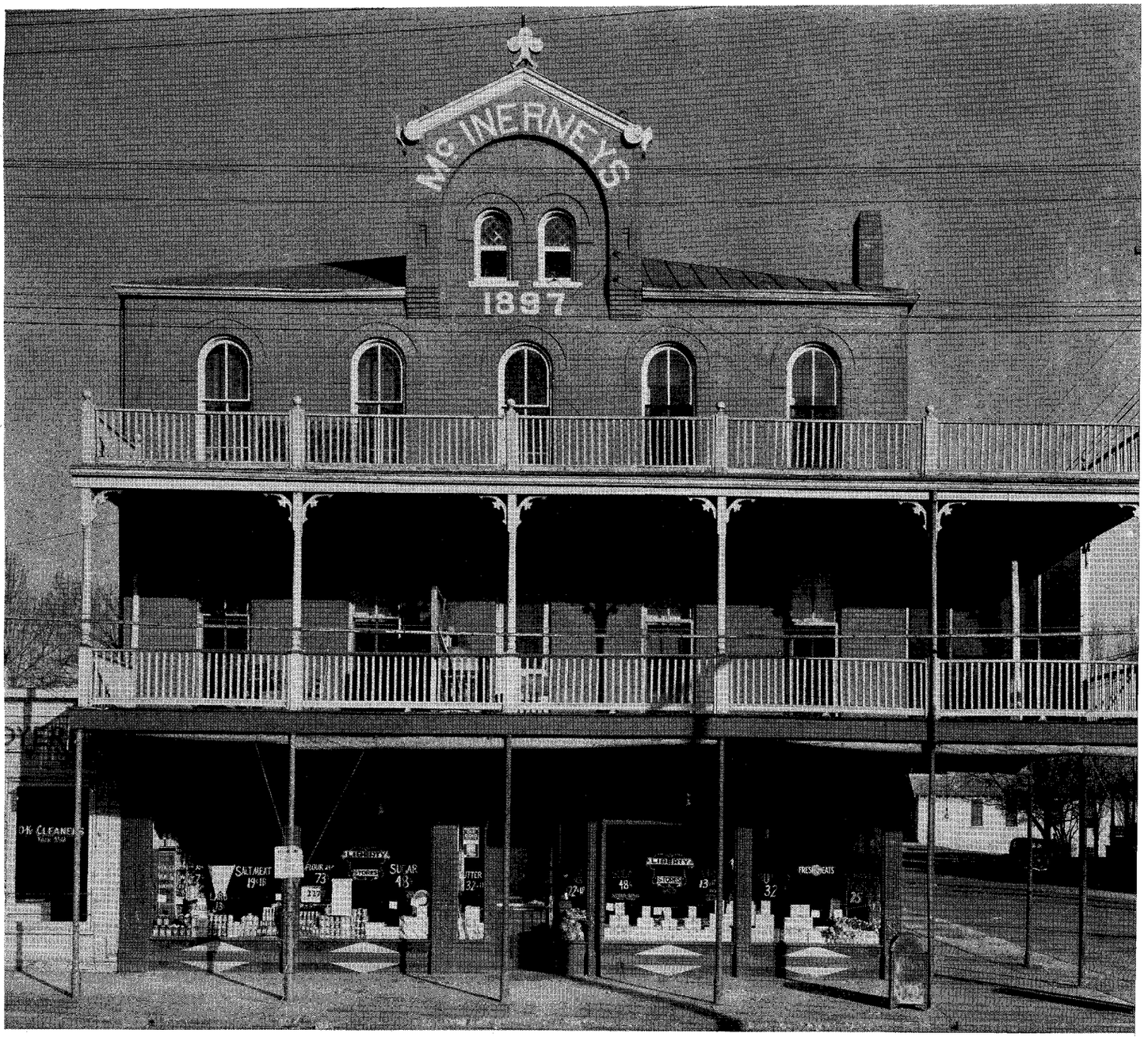

McINERNEY'S, by Walker Evans

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

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Government Publicity Machine

(continued from page 27)

the dilemma. They promoted a scheme for nationwide, non-partisan appraisal, requesting constructive criticism and not praise. Enthusiastic endorsements plus "constructive criticism" came flowing in—even from Republican strongholds like Maine. Emboldened, WPA is now trying to persuade outspoken critics and sundry public enemies of WPA to serve on a national non-partisan committee to appraise and criticize. Out of the canon of publicity techniques this is certainly one of the most valid—and least expensive. If you believe in your product, instead of producing a handout, get the other fellow to make news for you.

Federal publicity is shooting at all kinds of targets. One of Federal Housing's is not the man in the street but the banker. The financial and real-estate sections of 2000 newspapers use its clip sheet, and the *Wall Street Journal* calls up for news. Its function is mortgage insurance, and one of its big "educational problems" is to persuade the banker to lend money. So FHA's film, *Today We Build,* is not to be seen at the Roxy but in the first-class salon of the *George Washington* or the *Manhattan* when economic royalists are returning from their holidays. On the other hand, the biggest publicity problem of U. S. Housing (not to be confused with its capitalistic twin) is making technical information readable. Mr. Nathan Straus's publicity section resembles the faculty of a large university, where experts in sociology, architecture, and economics hand down learned opinions which the press section turns into "newspaper English." The agency has achieved good news coverage, though one release was returned from a Southern editor with the *printed* sticker, "Don't send me any more of this G— D— New Deal publicity!"

This year the section of our population who are beyond all others a target of unlimited publicity—and from all sides—are the old folks at home. Some three years ago Social Security was set up, and today it has a clientele of 2,000,000 for its old-age-assistance program and 40,000,000 for old-age pensions. To this it adds 25,000,000 names on its unemployment-insurance list. Here, of course, real mass techniques are in order, so that Social Security turns out to be the classic example of magnitude and complexity in the New Deal's publicity machine. For its public-relations job it employs a staff of seventy-five in Washington alone and spends $240,000 a year.

IV

Government publicity is clearly an amalgam of three basic elements: information, education (strictly and non-invidiously defined), and persuasion or propaganda. Obviously it is the third alloy which especially endows publicity with power, a power so vast in the case of the Government, that it is heading us straight—certain Senators insist—toward totalitarian servitude.

The impressive figures on PWA's wages and man-hours were compiled by Government statisticians. They were then published in a coated-paper booklet widely distributed and preceded by the caption: "What PWA Has Done . . . launched without precedent the largest construction program in history and established public works as an effective weapon against the depression." Topping off the statistics were the words: "Added immeasurably to the permanent and useful capital assets of the nation and raised the standard of living." Thus, a socio-economic fourth dimension was added to the facts. This is the commonest type of Government "propaganda" whether it is ideologically New Deal or Old.

Or take the "before and after" technique. Social Security has an exhibit in pictures and figurines— Before: A very destitute-looking old couple, an unemployed father whose children eke out an existence by selling newspapers, and a blind man begging for pennies. After: A neat little apartment with smiling figurines of the same couple, living off their old-age pension. The happy father has groceries under his arm—from his unemployed benefit—and the children are returning from school. Finally, the blind man who has received a disability allowance is at home with his dog. This type of propaganda makes a more direct appeal to the endocrines and is an old favorite with missionaries for all causes from tooth paste to Christianity.

Out in Iowa, the Dakotas, and elsewhere are a lot of black-and-yellow posters, tacked up in post offices, on billboards, and on silos. The posters show a husky, reliable, middle-aged farmer with a pipe in his hand. Printed across the top of the posters in huge type are the words: "I'm For It! The Corn Plan." This is an example of very nearly chemically pure propaganda. Nearest analogy is the colored poster seen everywhere in America in 1919, which showed a husky, reliable, middle-aged worker in overalls, reaching one hand into his pocket, with the slogan: "Sure! We'll finish the job. . . . Victory Liberty Loan."

Representative J. Parnell Thomas, who is calling for a Congressional investigation of Federal publicity, is so concerned about the misuse of the publicity powers of the Government that he accuses it of "attempting to warp the minds of every individual citizen by one-sided, highly colored press releases, fanfaring radio talks, etc." More judiciously, but equally anxious, the *Saturday Evening Post* summarizes its views of Government publicity in the words, "You Can't Beat the Government." Two conditioning aspects of Federal publicity, however, are stressed by New Deal friends. Without distinguishing fact from persuasion, Mr. Thomas has lumped all publicity as propaganda, whereas the bulk of the Federal output is "information" in the strict sense. The other point is that there beats on the public mind a great wave of competing and counter publicity, of which not only the *Post* article, but the campaign which recently elected 108 Republicans to new seats in Congress are current examples.

In Germany the publicity "handout" is a monopoly of the National Socialist State. In America it is open to all comers. The Washington correspondent receives handouts as regularly from the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Legion, the Liberty League, and other national groups as he does from the Federal Government. Regularly NBC turns over a national

Barn Song

This place is full, is satisfied.
Cows lift their heads, almost with pride,
as though responsible, somehow,
for grain in bins, hay in the mow.
Nostrils more than eyes take in
hay in the mow, grain in the bin,
the warm and odorous cattle musk,
and pigeons lost in the lofty dusk
where, like a drum, the roof is dinned
with wind and water, water and wind;
and all is safe and the doors are pinned.

—Louis Stoddard

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15 to 45 are the Years of Greatest Danger from TUBERCULOSIS

No age is immune from tuberculosis, but it kills more persons between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease.

In many instances, tuberculosis germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, and then suddenly flare up during some special physical strain or illness which has caused a lowering of the body's resistance.

Almost every new case of tuberculosis results from contact at some time with somebody who has the disease in an active stage. For this reason each member of a household where active tuberculosis has been discovered should be examined.

Find Hidden Tuberculosis

Persons unaware of their infection are more likely to spread the disease than those who know they have it. A mother or grandfather may have so-called "asthma"; father or uncle "a smoker's cough"; a home employee or teacher "a husky throat." All these ailments may be undiscovered tuberculosis—capable of infecting anyone in frequent contact.

The first symptoms of the disease, often disregarded, may be an unexplained tiredness, weakness, listlessness, or chest pains. Later, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, or the spitting of blood may cause the patient to see a doctor. But by this time some damage has usually been done, making treatment longer and more difficult.

Early Discovery—Early Cure

If you suspect that tuberculosis has entered your home, see your doctor. He may wish to supplement his examination with the Tuberculin Test and X-ray. Changes in lung tissue can usually be seen with the X-ray or fluoroscope before early symptoms are observed or signs in the chest detected by the stethoscope.

Modern medical science knows how to deal with tuberculosis. Today most early-discovered cases can be cured and even serious cases often treated successfully. Credit for many brilliant achievements in overcoming advanced tuberculosis is due to improved hospital treatment—especially modern chest surgery.

When every family takes advantage of modern methods of finding early tuberculosis, this "plague" may be exterminated. The medical profession and public health officials seek your cooperation. The Metropolitan booklet "Tuberculosis" contains information about the prevention of this disease and methods of caring for patients. For a free copy address a post card to Booklet Department 439-S.

Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at
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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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hookup to the Department of Agriculture for explaining its solution of the farmers' problems. At the same hour, but on another day, NBC gives equal coverage to the spokesmen of the National Grange who as this is written are lustily opposing most of Mr. Wallace's "action program." Or take another burning issue. During last spring's battle over modifying the Wagner Act, the National Labor Relations Board maintained the law was O.K. and argued the point in two releases. In the same period 150 articles and editorials appeared in as many newspapers attacking the law.

There is a conviction, however, common to the press corps in Washington, that the Government's publicity apparatus is not dangerous to our liberties by what it says, but by what it chooses not to say, *i.e.*, by its potential powers for suppression and censorship. Newspapermen charge the White House in particular with continually marshaling its masterful powers of avoidance and evasion. And the press is acutely aware, of course, that, human nature and politics being what they are, the publicity machine never gives out publicity on the Government's delays, its blunders, or its scandals. There was no Federal publicity on the famous AAA purge by which Jerome Frank was finagled out of office, and only a pall of silence hung over the publicity machine while the Government realized its tragic blunder in canceling the Air Mail contracts. Our inquisitive press, however, has been a fairly steady check on any Federal tendency to limit the news. When Mr. Morgenthau appointed Herbert Gaston head of the Treasury's press department, officials were told to stop talking to correspondents and newspapermen and to get their news from Mr. Gaston. The press corps promptly mutinied and appealed to Hyde Park, charging that news was being "funneled" and freedom of the press shot to hell. Subsequently the Treasury loosened up.

V

THE National Emergency Council, which some of the press corps regard as the New Deal's mystery department, has an impressive mandate—to "co-ordinate" the whole apparatus of the Federal Government. And unless all the political weather vanes are cockeyed, NEC is now turning its mandate to the Federal publicity apparatus. Under its wing, to begin with, is an information bureau which is the epitome and exemplar of all information bureaus—United States Information Service, which publishes a daily digest of 500 newspapers and attempts to answer any inquiry about the Federal Government. NEC is strategically placed to know what is going on inside Washington and out.

In disillusioned circles the Government's publicity apparatus has been compared to an ambitious centipede trying to move in a hundred directions at once. This isn't quite accurate, partly, I believe, because of NEC and its chief, Lowell Mellett. Mr. Mellett was just back from a chat with the President when I visited him in his quiet office tucked away on the fifth floor of the Morris Plan Building on F Street. Not looking very strategic, he leaned back in his shirt sleeves, complained about his office awning, and had all the air of a country editor whose weekly edition has just gone to press. NEC has no intention, Mr. Mellett insists, of establishing a "super press bureau." Its mandate is to co-ordinate. So on the publicity front he mentions the new radio information center and U. S. Films, which NEC has just co-ordinated into existence as an aid to improving the quality of Government films. To rationalize the publicity apparatus of the Federal Government is a job both herculean and delicate, but to his task Mr. Mellett brings useful qualities. He is democratic in both theory and practice, he is confident but not cocky—and he is going slow. Probably if anybody can maintain home rule and harmony in the departments, while at the same time streamlining the centipede, it is Mr. Mellett.

the Navy transatlantic flight had pointed—a big ship that would cross the ocean and carry a pay load. Pan-American gave Sikorsky the job, and he built the S-40, the first Clipper, a four-engined airplane of seventeen tons. That was a considerable airplane, and with its successors it has flown several of the seven seas. Only two of Sikorsky's big boats have been lost. One was the ship in which Eddie Musick, Pan-American's senior pilot, was pioneering the California-New Zealand run. That disaster was probably the result of some unusual type of explosion while gas was being dumped for a forced landing. The other was when a tired pilot flew a plane into the black water at night off Cristobal in Panama.

More than a year ago one of Sikorsky's planes joined the international squadron of English, German, and French planes which has been wandering back and forth between Europe and America. These are experimental flights, and as far as the S-43 is concerned everything had been uneventful except for a single incident off the coast of Newfoundland. On the way back from Europe the plane became charged with static electricity. This happens under certain conditions when tiny particles of moisture hit the plane and deposit their static charge, which can grow to formidable proportions. The plane then becomes a flying thunder cloud. It is perfectly safe for the passengers, for they are in the position of being in a Leyden jar, heavily charged, with the charge all on the outside. The only trouble is that when the airplane reaches a cloud of lower potential—one with less electricity in it—it will discharge its own load. And that is what occurred on this Atlantic flight. The plane let loose an electrical explosion that resembled the burst of a three-inch gun—and nothing happened. It scared the crew within an inch of their lives, but they couldn't find a mark on the plane afterward. Aviation engineers don't know much about static as yet, but they won't be sorry when they can fly in the substratosphere across the Atlantic, instead of bucking storm clouds and picking up electricity.

During all this time Sikorsky has been stepping up the wing loading on his ships to a point where, in a recent flying boat, he was able to carry a higher pay load than could a land plane of similar power and size. The aim of all designers is to increase the load per square foot of wing surface which a plane will carry. The high wing loads enable a ship to fly more smoothly through rough weather, give better control in turbulent air, enable it to land more slowly with the engines open (a safety factor), and permit a greater pay load. An airplane can assume a very high wing loading after it gets into the air, but it is difficult to get a ship off with a high wing load. That is why the British have been experimenting with pickaback planes, a plane taken

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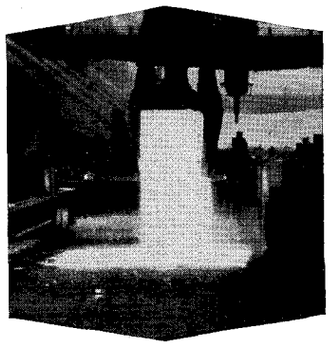

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

This is the season when country homes and gardens receive special attention, when the city man feels a yen for the outdoors, and when the outdoors man has much work to do. In many families one member may be an authority on flowers, another on radio; a third may be the oracle on soil conservation. Here is a chance to become an authority on steel in the home and on the range.

Count 10 points for each question. 50 is the passing grade, anything better is commendable, 80 to 100 gives grounds for an authoritative manner.

Correct answers on page 68.

1. New homes are being built throughout the land. The carpenter nails the lath in place, traditionally keeping a reserve supply of nails in his mouth. To minimize possible infection from this habit the steel trade sells sterilized lath nails. The nails are sterilized by:

(*a*) *Being heated in a cylinder and then packed in paper-lined kegs without human handling.*
(*b*) *By dipping in a strong solution of carbolic acid.*
(*c*) *By a coating of enamel.*

2. This is the season for installing woven-wire fencing for controlling pastures and rotating crops. Clean, bright wire fence is also made for poultry yards and for protecting lawns. Chain link fence, frequently used as tennis court enclosures, is also used for four of the five following purposes:

(*a*) *Around country estates*
(*b*) *As protection for school yards*
(*c*) *In city parks* (*d*) *On sheep ranches* (*e*) *In zoos*

3. When the buyer desires galvanized wire fence of particularly fine appearance, he can obtain a bright, smooth finish in bethanized wire. In the bethanizing process the zinc coating is applied to the steel wire in one of the following ways:

(*a*) *The wire passes through a zinc solution and an electric current causes the zinc to be deposited on the wire.*
(*b*) *By dipping the wire in molten zinc.*
(*c*) *By spraying the wire with molten zinc.*

4. The smooth, satiny finish of bethanized wire farm fence, and the fact that it can be bent without cracking the coating, commends bethanized wire fence to many users. They naturally ask the question as to whether the cost is:

(*a*) *The same as competitive types.*
(*b*) *Slightly more than other processes to cover partially the difference in production costs.*
(*c*) *A fairly higher price to assure thorough quality.*

5. Before the spring rains come, the prudent householder reviews the roofing problem. There are several kinds of steel sheet roofing suitable for various kinds of farm buildings. In the following list of sheet designations six apply specifically to roofing sheets:

(*a*) *blue annealed*
(*b*) *hot rolled*
(*c*) *2 V-Crimp*
(*d*) *3 V-Crimp*
(*e*) *5 V-Crimp*
(*f*) *corrugated*
(*g*) *Stormproof*
(*h*) *roll roofing*

6. Speaking of farms suggests pigs. Pigs suggest pig iron. Actually, what is pig iron? One of the following sentences is correct:

(*a*) *Pig iron is an exceptionally pure form of iron which in primitive days used to be puddled in a stone trough used by pigs.*
(*b*) *Pig iron is a material commonly rolled into structural members.*
(*c*) *Pig iron is the product of the smelting of iron ore in a blast furnace, and is used in the manufacture of steel and in the production of iron and steel castings.*

7. Which one of the following statements best distinguishes steel from iron?

(*a*) *Steel is harder than iron.*
(*b*) *In general, steel contains less carbon than iron.*
(*c*) *Steel is a more highly refined product than iron.*

8. Modern bathroom fixtures are frequently made of stamped sheet steel covered with attractive enamels. Two methods of applying the enamel are:

(*a*) *electrically*
(*b*) *baking*
(*c*) *with a spray gun*
(*d*) *with mortar*
(*e*) *with an intermediate layer of latex*
(*f*) *with fish glue*

9. Copper-bearing steel sheets are frequently used for roofing, gutters, rain spouts and ventilators. The purpose of copper in the steel sheets is:

(*a*) *for appearance*
(*b*) *for ductility*
(*c*) *for strength*
(*d*) *for resistance to rust*

10. What steel company produces a full line of road steels, such as reinforcing bars and guards used in highways which connect the cities with the great open spaces?

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into the air on the top of a larger ship and released when it attains flying speed. It was Sikorsky who first incorporated relatively high wing loads in his ships.

His views of the future are not so radical as might be expected of a man who has done so many unconventional things in the past. Some of his competitors are inclined to say that they do not know of anything original he has done in a long time. But those who can persuade him to talk know that he has radical ideas on the placing of power plants in flying boats, on the transmission of power by unique methods, and that he would not balk at building a ship that would carry a few hundred people across the ocean with all the comfort of an ocean liner. Aviation has reached the point where it is doubtful if any one man can create a marked departure from conventional practice, and all Sikorsky's training has been to make one step at a time and to be sure where he is going. But if some strange, startling thing appears in aviation in this country in the future, it is an even-money bet that it will be hatched in Sikorsky's head.

Right now, Sikorsky is doing a few odd jobs for the Navy, and experimenting. His company, which bears his name, is a subsidiary of United Aircraft, which also controls the Pratt & Whitney manufacturers of engines, the Hamilton Propeller Company, the Boeing Company, and other organizations which complement each other and make a well-balanced manufacturing setup. This type of organization relieves Sikorsky of most financial burdens and leaves him free for designing.

His factory is on the water front near Bridgeport, Connecticut, an ideal site for testing flying boats. It is not a large factory when compared with the plants of Douglas or Martin or Boeing, who are turning out war planes as well as passenger ships, but it is well-planned and has two enormous hangars. Sikorsky also has his own type of wind tunnel, a vertical one where he tests his wing designs. He tows his boat models in the branch of the Sound behind the plant.

Sikorsky lives in a modest house on the outskirts of Bridgeport. His personal life is kept as far from his business life as possible. His living room is thoroughly Russian. He likes to drink strong coffee, and his favorite method of working is to sit up late at night with an unlimited supply of coffee and a little port.

His manner is nervous, probably due to the fact that he is either shy or unduly sensitive. His hands are in constant motion. A face rather serious, under a bald brow, it can break into a quick and friendly smile. His eyes are at one moment intent with the effort to convey his meaning, and in the next they may twinkle with engaging humor. He has never been able to rid himself of the Russian habit of accenting the ed's on our words, such as assum-ed.

One of the oddest things about this man, who has spent so much of his life in lifting human beings into the air, is that he loves the earth. He has a farm on which he works in the summer whenever he can. He would as soon climb into the seat of a tractor and plow or harrow a field as he would take off a new plane from the water outside his Bridgeport plant. He has a camp in the woods where he takes his children for week ends, and where the self-deprecating and serious airplane builder becomes a youngster having a good time.

One rather suspects that the reason Igor Sikorsky has been so successful, at least in his pioneering and experimental work, is that he is fundamentally a very simple person. What he has done has been poorly rewarded, comparatively. He has given to aviation much more than he has received. But he remains a very gallant and kindly gentleman, as well as one who is liable to pull an aviation rabbit out of the hat at any time.

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic — Mississippi

(*see page 30*)

1. River Boat, by Walker Evans, Farm Security Administration, Washington, D. C. Taken near Vicksburg, this is one of a series of Mississippi photographs Mr. Evans has made for the FSA. No data available.

2. "Monteigne," by Alexander Piaget, 3800 West Pine Street, Saint Louis, Mo. Doorway of a Natchez home built in 1855 by William T. Martin, later a Confederate general. Photographed with a 4 x 5 view camera, Schneider f3.5 lens. Exposure 1/25 sec. at f8.

3. "Dunleith," by Alexander Piaget. Built in 1847 by Charles Dahlgren, this is one of the many beautiful homes which Natchez annually opens to the public. A 4 x 5 view camera, Schneider f3.5 lens, was used. Exposure 1/25 sec. at f8.

4. Flight Formation, by Betty Lawrence, c/o Institute of Camera Art, Shreveport, La. The children in the photograph are watching a squadron of planes flying in formation. Taken at noon with a Graflex 3¼ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/25 sec. at f16.

5. Coast Guard Rescue, by Anthony V. Ragusin, Biloxi, Miss. Flying boat of the U. S. Coast Guard bringing an injured officer of a Gulf steamship into the Biloxi Air Station. Taken in mid-afternoon, after a summer shower, with a Graflex, Bausch and Lomb Tessar f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/100 sec. at f11.

6. McInerney's, by Walker Evans. Another Vicksburg photograph in Mr. Evans' series taken for the Farm Security Administration.

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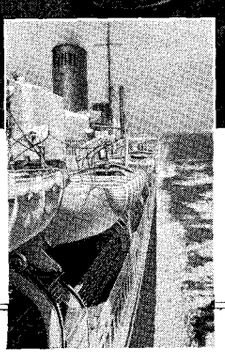

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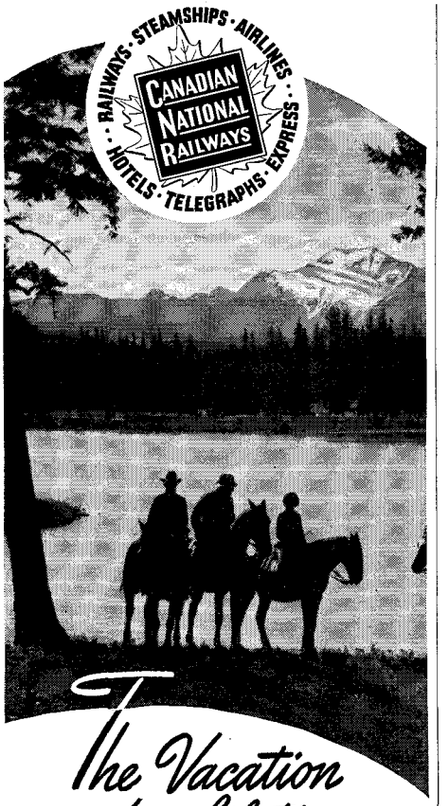

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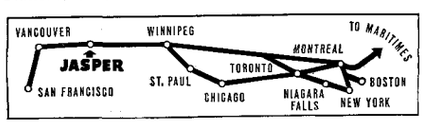

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CANADIAN NATIONAL

TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Cafeteria Society

(*continued from page 15*)

intellectuals joining hands with the masses, "getting activized," "exerting class pressure." But the rest of us kept right on arguing.

"Anyhow, it's just a pipe dream," Rosa decided. "What government is going to pay artists to paint pictures—*good* pictures?"

"Why don't you find out?" Max asked. "All you have to do is sign your name to a petition. Why the hell shouldn't we get paid for our work?"

I asked how about models. (What could I lose?) Sure, Max answered expansively, models ought to join too. When the Government went into the art business, it would have to have models.

So we agreed to come to the meeting in Max's loft. He went on to the next tables to spread the message, and we sat there talking it over, laughing about it—but still, all we'd have to do, he said, was sign the petition. . . .

That's the way it began—innocently, with no one suspecting what we were headed for. The first meeting was plain old-fashioned bedlam. We didn't know anything about parliamentary procedure and wouldn't have had any respect for it anyway. We liked to talk. Electing a president and a treasurer and a vice-president and a secretary and committees, drawing up resolutions and so forth, we went to town in a riot of self-expression.

Max took a hammer and pounded for order. With every artist bent on having his say, the program of the Union was still unborn when the meeting broke up. But everyone was handed a copy of the petition—to go forth and collect signatures.

Well, even the shopkeepers and landladies were glad to get behind a movement that meant paying customers. That month Rosa and I gathered at least a thousand names. Each time we met as a Union more people came. It seemed that there were thousands of artists in New York and they didn't all live in the Village. We had to chip in and rent a hall, finally, and then the newspapers sent reporters to write us up. First we were only a feature story; pretty soon we were the daily news.

We started mass delegations to the CWA officials. We began studying trade-union tactics. We lapped up Paul's explanations of the class struggle. We formed class-conscious picket lines outside the CWA offices.

Maybe we were a little amateurish in our first appearances as the working class, but we introduced a few new tricks to the labor movement. You know those one-line drawings of Pick and Pat?—a circle for the face, a circle for the body, and a pair of toothpick legs. Well, Max had them doing acrobatics in colors all over our picket signs, to illustrate our Cause. We had an audience three-deep around us. Especially with Harkavy striding up and down. At first he objected to shouting on the picket line (How people stared at him!) until one day he devised his own bitter little chant, Slavic to the core: "Put the bankers on relief. We want jobs!" It panicked them! You could see the windows opening and the heads appearing, even those of the CWA officials. Harkavy is convinced our success dates from that day.

In Stewarts' the air tingled with purpose. When we sat around the tables it was to talk of Union business. I was in there with Max and Joe one night about six o'clock when we heard that victory was ours.

Rosa came in with Paul, hurrying past the front tables. They were part of the delegation that had been meeting with the CWA officials, and that night they came charging down on us like an army with banners.

"We can call a special meeting of the Union tomorrow," Rosa announced breathlessly, inviting us to ask her why? what? how?

Max stared at her. He was the one who'd told us it was coming, but when it actually happened he couldn't believe it. "J-j-jobs?"

Rosa nodded. "Jobs for three hundred artists," she said, quietly, underplaying it like an actress doing her big scene.

We started to laugh and talk at once. But Max couldn't say anything. *He* was the one who was really surprised. Paul, oozing I-told-you-so, said, "This is only the beginning. There'll be jobs for everyone, if we keep on." Joe argued. We were being fooled, he said. Accord-

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ing to the textbooks, the Government couldn't do that. It amounted to social revolution, he said.

Afterwards he had to reconcile himself to the fact that it was true. He came to the conclusion that CWA was a patch on the capitalist system—sewed on by the capitalists in fear and trembling. They had had a bad fright; they had been terrified by the rumblings of the masses—*our* rumblings. After Joe figured that out, he and some of the other writers decided it would be a good idea to have a Writers Union.

That's what happened to our Society in Stewarts' Cafeteria. Everybody in Stewarts' who wanted one got a job on WPA (which was where the Arts Projects landed after a short term under CWA). *All of us began working regular hours for $23.86 a week.* Max is painting murals in schoolrooms, Harkavy is decorating airports, Rosa is teaching settlement kids to do water colors.

Manheim, with a new set of teeth and a rejuvenated wardrobe, has discovered respectability and embraced it as though it were his own invention. Joe edits the Guidebook. Lily is a reporter. Her poems, after working hours, are strictly class-conscious, nowadays. Lu Chang writes on the Chinese population of New York City. Me? I get my assignments—and a weekly check—from Project headquarters. Right now I'm posing for my portrait, "Girl in Red Dress."

Barney had a rush of prosperity when his customers moved from the garrets and cellars of Greenwich Village—and then he climbed on the WPA band wagon. He got a job moving band instruments for the Musicians Project.

All of us have gone back to the restaurant and to such conventional habits as three meals a day, now that we can afford it. The program of mass meetings and picket lines changed our place of rendezvous, and now that we're affluent we like to get waited on.

They rechristened Stewarts' Cafeteria. It's called "Life," and today it's doing a paying business with the big eaters who've got some place to go. But last night, around midnight—the conversational hour—I passed by on my way home from a meeting and looked in through those wide windows. "Life" was barren; it looked like an unflooded pool.

That's what started me thinking about how it used to be. Not that I'd have it any different, you understand. I'm just shedding a little sentiment for the old days, when a punched ticket—even for a five-cent prune bun—was the beginning of a big social evening.

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The Heroes

(continued from page 24)

Burley said. "Let's see the town."

The road that came in to the home through the grove of pines turned, after it reached the main building, and went directly south past the potato field and joined the end of a street; they took this road, going "up the street" as Hrubes called it. As they walked past the potato field, only separated from it by a narrow band of grass, Burley looked at the long rows of spreading plants; he saw the mark of cultivators in the earth shaping up the rows and said to Hrubes, "Who works in these fields?"

"Oh, the farm help," Hrubes said.

"You mean they hire men to work this farm?"

"Yeah, they hire a farm boss and men—"

"Hell," Burley said, "I just don't get it."

Hrubes told him a number of the men in the home, Ed Ford, Bob Lyell, were farmers. "Bob's a hell of a good farmer," he said.

"And still they hire men."

They reached the street, and Burley realized it was one of the main streets in town. A few and then more stores appeared; they passed a post office and a white building which Hrubes said was the town hall, in the rear of which was the town jail; finally the street crossed another street lined with stores and at this principal intersection there was a hotel and a drugstore. As they passed the drugstore, Burley noticed the usual sign, SODA, hanging outside it and as it was warm and he was thirsty, he said to Hrubes, "Have a soda?"

A peculiar look came over Hrubes' face; he said, "No, I guess not."

Burley urged him, but he still refused. At last awkwardly he said, "You go in and get one if you want to. I'll wait here for you."

"But I'm going to treat you."

"No—"

"Listen, what's the matter?" Burley said, feeling angry.

"I guess you don't understand—" Hrubes said. He hesitated. "I told you I don't have a pension. I don't have no money at all. If you treat me, I can't treat back."

"Who the hell cares?"

"I do."

"I'm sorry," Burley said. As they walked on and he thought what it meant, what Hrubes had said, he said, "Jack, don't they give you nothing, not even some spending money?"

"No, nothing—"

"But suppose you want something, suppose you want to go to the movies—"

"I don't go."

Again he was coming up against something about the home. This was the worst yet.

"Look," he said. "I don't know how to put this, but this is it. Nobody deserves a break like that. I get six dollars a month out of my pension to spend." He hesitated. "I want to give you half."

"I know," Hrubes said. "In a way you're right. But it can't be fixed that way."

Not saying anything further, they walked on.

VII

AT FIVE O'CLOCK, not long after they returned, the men had supper. Afterward Burley and Hrubes went with a group of men into the recreation room and sat down; they began to talk. Burley said little. Occasionally he looked at Hrubes, he thought of how much Hrubes had done for him today. Each time the day had pressed in on him, Hrubes had taken him away, had tried to give him something, some thought of hope, of escape. But there was no real escape.

He felt it most now. Before supper the men had sat talking. Now again they were talking, trying to fill the long space of the evening ahead. Talk. But men cannot live by talking. He saw one or two men who had withdrawn into silence. The others seemed to understand; it was a way of waiting. But the waiting continued, went on and on; there was no knowing for any of them when it would end. He had been introduced to one man who had been here eighteen years. He might be here eighteen years more . . .

Time went slowly by.

Burley stood up. "I'm tired. I guess I'll turn in," he said.

"I'm tired too," Hrubes said.

Neither Hrubes nor Burley said anything until they reached the second floor, then at the landing Hrubes said

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good night; his room was on the top floor, a quieter floor that apparently was better for him. Burley started to say good night too, but hesitated and said, "Jack, I want to thank you for something—I know how good you were to stand by me today." He reached out his hand hesitantly; Hrubes took it and said, as if he were deeply moved, "It's hard. I can remember my own first day here. It's hard for anybody." He looked at Burley, then went slowly on upstairs.

VIII

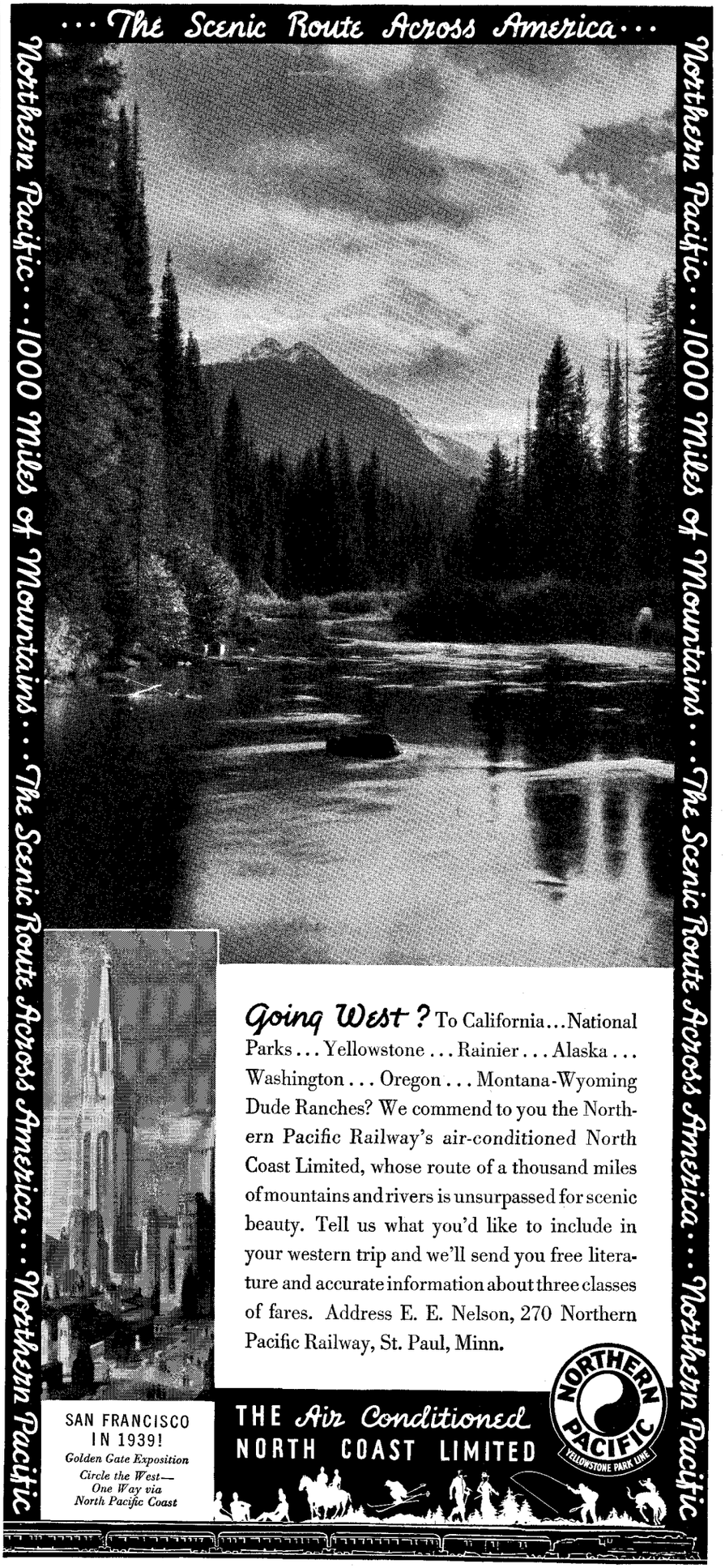
It was the ninth of July, there had been rain the night before and the night had been cool, but already the air was getting warm; it would be a hot July day. As Burley came downstairs shortly after the rising bell and went out on the porch, he immediately felt the heat. It was summer heat; it reminded him as it had the day before that it would soon be two years since he had entered the home. The afternoon of the day before he had looked at the clock in the library and had thought of those two years which were long yet short, long because they were slow, short because nothing happened and nothing changed.

In a half-hour, less than that, work would begin in town; factories would open, were opening now; machines would begin to sound. He listened. He seemed to hear the tread of feet, supervisors, workmen going to work, walking through the early light. Since he had been here he had tried month by month to get work, but it was almost impossible; he had not only tried here, he had taken trips away, to Leedsville, to other places. Echoes in his mind: "Where do you live?" "At the soldiers' home." "You're being taken care of. We'd sooner give a man a job who needs it." Needs it—what need was greater than his? All men had the same need, to work, to live.

He looked across the fields to where the few white houses formed an uneven line at the town's edge; for two years those houses had been a world apart from him. He felt constant longing for that world, for the world outside the home; he leaned on a pillar of the porch and stood looking, trying to think of himself, George Burley, in one of those houses. Since he had been in the home, he had not been in one of them; he had not been in a single private house in town. Men in institutions had no right to anything private.

IX

Neither at breakfast nor at lunch was Burley hungry. He felt oppressed by the mid-July heat, he felt restless; after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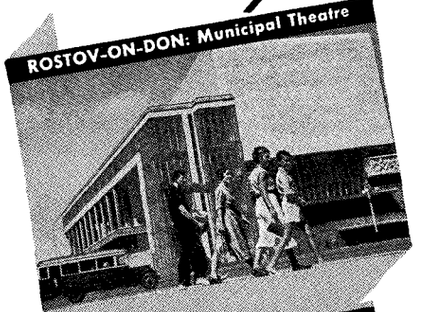

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lunch he decided to walk out to the front entrance.

He went out to the front of the home and walked across to the grove of pines and, going through the grove, found himself under the iron entrance arch. Here he stopped and looked in front of him, at the scene he had first looked at when he got off the bus from Leedsville: the same highway running north, the same factory—except for this nothing, the wasteland of the outskirts of an industrial town, a railroad siding, water tanks, weeds.

He looked at the factory for a while, then crossed the highway and started up toward it. He came into the yard; the lunch hour was not yet over, and one of the lunch shifts was still out. In the wall facing the yard was a doorway with an iron stairway going sideways down to the ground; on this stairway were about a dozen girls, sitting or leaning over the rail of the stairs. Out in the yard itself, well away from the wall, was a group of men playing a game of horseshoes. Four of the men played, standing in pairs at leaden pipes driven into the ground about fifty feet apart. Three other men watched them.

When the two teams playing had finished, the three men who had not played looked at Burley, then one of them said, "Like to team up with one of us?" "I sure would," Burley said. "You any good?" one of the men said to him good-naturedly. "Not so good," he said, "but I can play." "All right, you team up with Freddie." He took his position beside his opponent at one of the stakes and the other two men went to the other stake. "Want to feel out the shoes?" his opponent, named Ed, asked him. "No, I'll manage," Burley said. "All right, here we go."

The girls along the stairway began to take an interest in Burley's game. As the four men made throw after throw, they particularly watched Burley; twice he almost made ringers and both the men and the girls called out. He noticed it and standing playing in this bare factory yard, in the shadow of windows out of which poured the loud, steady sound of work, he no longer felt separated, no longer felt cut off the way he had that morning.

Ed made a throw high and short; the shoe landed a foot in front of the stake and stopped dead. "Won't win that way," one of the men called. "Just wait," Ed said. Burley made his throw; his shoe was well in. Ed came up again; this time he swung carefully twice, threw, and made a ringer. Burley felt discouraged. After he took his position and looked across the fifty feet of bare ground, he threw the shoe awkwardly; as it left his hand, a rough edge of the shoe caught in a fold of his flesh and drew blood; the uneven scarlet thread of blood began to flow, spread . . . he felt a sudden blackness.

"Stand back." He heard voices and, opening his eyes, found himself lying on the ground looking at one of the factory girls. What had happened? He looked up at the girl's head dark against the sky, she was pressing a wet cloth to his forehead, he looked down her arm. On her arm, on her hair, her skin, her dress, on every inch of her body were points of light and he realized that this light came from the gilt of the paper some of the factory girls worked on. The light glittered; there were flecks of it even on her long eyelashes. She looked steadily down at him—he felt strength return; he moved and as he moved, she slipped her arm lower and when he got awkwardly to his feet, gave him support until he could stand alone. "Thanks, thanks a lot," he said. The girl was small, firm, strong; she wore a plain black dress with white cuffs and collar; like most factory girls, she had two steel barrettes to keep her hair in place.

She said, "You better come into the factory and let them take care of you."

X

Burley had refused to have anybody go back to the home with him from the factory. As he walked out of the factory yard, empty now that the lunch hour was over, he thought of that moment when he had come to himself. He could still feel the girl's hand on his forehead, then the firm pressure of her arm as she helped him get up. That moment of physical contact moved him deeply. He understood the sympathy in it; the girl had wanted to help him, had treated him like a human being.

He walked down the highway past the fence, then crossed over to the entrance arch of the home. Soldiers' Home. For a moment, standing under the arch, he looked back at the factory. Then he turned and went in under the arch, into the grove of pines.

XI

Two weeks went by. Burley went with Hrubes once or twice when he was making the round of the mills, but aside from that hardly left the boundary of the home grounds. He was quieter than he had been and talked little. One day he went into town to get a paper. It was about eight o'clock when he started; he went the usual way down between the

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fields and along Bridge Street. Bridge Street was peculiarly quiet; he had just crossed the bridge over the stream, which changed at evening from blue back to its natural transparence, when he saw a girl coming toward him. She was walking fast; he recognized her at once, although she wore a thin sweater blouse and skirt instead of the dress she had worn before. It was the girl of the factory yard.

He realized immediately how much he had wanted to see her; he felt like an echo the warmth of life reaching him again.

The girl hurried up to him and said, "Hello." She hesitated. "How are you? Why haven't you been around to the factory again?"

"I don't know—"

"We worried about you—we wondered how you were."

She shook his hand and turned it over. "It's all right now?" she said.

"It's all right," he said. "It was only a scratch."

"It looked bad."

"Look," he said, "can I tell you something, explain something? You walking along?"

"Yes, but you're going the other way."

"That's okay. I'll walk back with you—"

They walked along, and he said, "I'm from the soldiers' home. You know it?"

"That's what the men said."

He hesitated, then said, "What I wanted to tell you was about me fainting. It's the first time I fainted in my life. I don't know—I guess the men thought it was funny—"

"No—"

"A scratch like that hadn't ought to bother me. But—" He stopped.

"What?"

"That's how I lost this arm. I got a scratch like that and it got infected."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," she said.

They walked along in silence. Walking in step with her, he felt good. Occasionally, under the trees, there was sun on the girl's hair and he could see a few flecks of that light he had seen on it in the factory yard. There was none on her clothing or skin—she must have washed carefully when she returned from the factory. Her sweater outlined her breasts; her skirt, caught in at the waist, made a flat, solid line at the hips. Everything about her was young, had the vigor and strength of youth.

"You live near here?" he said.

"On South Street."

"I never noticed you before."

She smiled. "I noticed you," she said. He thought of times when, like other men in the home, he had gone into town unshaven, without a coat, defying town opinion—"Then you knew me over in the yard," he said.

"Yes, I was surprised—I'll tell you something."

"What?"

"I noticed you once in a while coming up Bridge Street from the home—I was sure you were from there—and I thought it was too bad." She said, "Have you been there long?"

"Two years."

"Is it hard?"

"Yes, it's hard. You hate being taken care of—that's what it is—when you've been taking care of yourself."

"You worked?"

"For ten years. Until the shop closed up where I was working."

"Then you didn't come to the home because you lost your arm?"

"No, I worked with one arm. But when I lost my job, I couldn't get another—you know how things are."

"I know. What work did you do?"

"Cabinet finishing."

"I think it's wonderful, that you worked like that with one arm."

"Most of the men at the home could work if they could get work."

"They could?"

"Sure."

"I never knew that."

"People don't know."

As they were talking, they had come to South Street, a side street off Bridge Street. They turned into it and when they had gone about half a block, they came to a stucco house of maybe twelve or fourteen rooms; it was definitely larger than the other houses on the street and in a way dominated them. He could not decide what sort of building it was; it was not a home, not really a tenement or apartment building either.

As the girl stopped, he said, "This is where you live?"

"Yes," she said. She saw him look at it and said, "I guess you wonder what it is—it's so big. It's a boardinghouse. My folks keep it." She looked away and said, "So you could say I live in a home, too."

He stared intently at the building—he felt all her youth opposed to it. She said, "Well, I got to go in."

He turned. In the setting sun he saw the points of light in her hair.

"Look," he said, "could I see you again?"

"If you want to."

"When?"

"Thursday evening?"

He hesitated. "You want me to come here?"

"Yes, come here."

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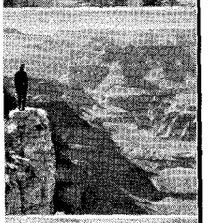

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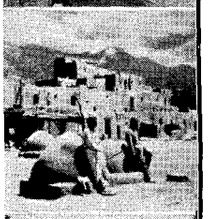

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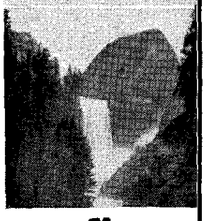

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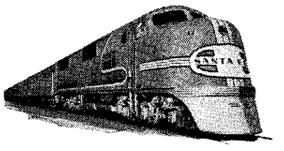

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He started to turn away, then turned back and said, "I don't know your name."

"Mary Wright."

"Mine's George Burley."

They turned away again; she walked up the sidewalk and he down the street, toward Bridge Street and the home.

XII

THURSDAY EVENING was clear. As he walked along Bridge Street, he thought of the girl. She had his sister's name. He saw her, saw her dark eyes and hands which he remembered—the slightly blunt fingers, strong, well-developed, the little finger big and well-developed as is usual in a working girl's hand.

Mary. How odd it was that she should have his sister's name, a name he loved so much; it fitted her as it did his sister, although she was not at all like his sister. His sister was large, maternal; there was a feeling of maternity in everything she did. This girl was firm, young, had not yet been touched by things that had touched his sister. But they were both alive and both had courage.

When he came to South Street and walked down it, he was no longer thinking; he was conscious only of the house he was approaching, its gables and bare entrance; at last there was a house in town that had meaning for him.

When he rang, she came quickly to the door and came out on the narrow step where he stood.

"Hello," she said. "I'm glad you came."

"How are you?" he said.

"Fine."

Now he could see again her dark eyes, her heavy dark hair drawn back straight over her ears. Her ears were delicate. Her face was broad and there was life, a deep, reserved life, in her eyes. They looked at each other and knew they were glad to see each other again.

They went to Bridge Street and walked down it toward the center of the town. He felt good, glad to be in her presence as he had been before; as they walked, they talked together. She told him she had mentioned meeting him to the men at the factory. "They're glad you're all right," she said. "You ought to go over and see them again."

"I will," he said.

"It's awful hot, isn't it?" she said.

"It's hot, all right. You feel it in the factory?"

"Yes, a one-story place like that—it's pretty bad."

"How long you been working at the factory?" he said.

"Six years or so."

He looked at her in surprise. "How old are you?" he said.

"Twenty-seven."

"No—"

"Is that old?"

"No. How old do you think I am?"

"I don't know."

"Thirty-nine."

"You must have been young when you went to war."

"I was."

As they went on talking, he noticed how beautiful her voice was. He looked sideways at her, at her hair, her face; on her upper arm he saw a few flecks of gilt. He said, "What do you do, what kind of work do you do at the factory?"

"I put bands around the flat paper, bands with the name of the paper on it and the price and so on."

"Do you just do that?"

"That's all."

Without thinking, he lifted one of her hands. The blunt hard fingers, mounds where the whorls of her finger ends came—he remembered how he had thought of her fingers. He said, "Your hand—looks strong."

Her hand for a moment grasped his, then dropped. Night was falling, and they walked back through the lighted center of the town.

XIII

MONDAY NIGHT Burley took Mary to a movie. It was late when they came out of the theater and walked slowly along Bridge Street, then turned in at South Street and saw ahead of them the stucco house. The moon flooded it; still tenement-like, it seemed less bare, less forbidding, in moonlight; it was again completely dark, with no lights at any windows. "The boarders go to bed early," he said.

"They do. So do my family."

They came up to the house and suddenly turning to him, Mary said, "Do you want to come in?"

He hesitated.

"We can do it," she said. "I got some rights in the place."

They went together up to the front door and now he felt what it meant to be asked into a house again, to walk through a door, see halls, rooms that were not those of an institution but those of a home. Mary unlocked the door; it swung open into darkness. "Come in," she said. Inside, she switched on the hallway light—it was the same hallway he had seen before from the outside, but now it appeared different; he saw a hatrack, under it a large mirror; in the mirror doors were reflected, other rooms. "This way," Mary said. They

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went through a large room with a long dinner table in it and came to a door into the kitchen. She opened it, again put on the light. The kitchen was also a large room, it had a table in the middle covered with red-checked oilcloth; around the walls were a range, a sink, other tables, closets, cooking implements —it was a kitchen that was used.

He was surprised at the silence of the house around him, which was deeper even than the silence of the home in the depth of night. There there was always some slight noise, the watchman making his rounds, the sound of men coming up late to their rooms. Here it was utterly still.

When Mary had put on the light in the kitchen, she went back and put out the other lights. He went over to an outside door and looking through the glass panes in the upper part of it saw, in what he thought must be the back yard of the house, an apple tree and under it some ash cans. He thought of the view from his room in the home, wide fields and the outlines of the first houses of the town, the moon. He turned as Mary came into the room again and they looked at each other and he said, "I—"

"Come on," she said. "Let's make some chocolate." Turning to a closet, she said, "Do you like hot chocolate?"

"Yes—"

As she got the chocolate, she told him to light a jet under a small kettle of water standing on the gas range. "Shake it and see if there's water in it," she said.

He felt that something strange was happening.

She put two cups on the table in the middle of the room, then waited. The water steamed, boiled. "Bring it, George," she said. He brought the water, and she carefully took it from him. Holding the kettle, she drew out a chair from one side of the table and said, "Sit down." He sat down and she made the chocolate for him—the steam, the bitter smell came up from the cup. He felt her near him, a woman, he felt her waiting on him, attentive, knowing him there as a man. He looked at the windows, black, completely black. Blackness reached toward him, against the dark flood he tried to find words, there were no words. He could not speak and he felt the beginning of pain such as he had never known before in his life.

XIV

THE SUMMER continued hot, with clouds piling up occasionally but not often with rain.

"George," Hrubes said one morning, meeting him in the recreation room, "you look kind of low. Something is on your mind—ain't it?"

Burley hesitated, then said, "Yeah, it is, Jack."

"Mary?"

"It's Mary."

"I been thinking of telling you something, George. The men know you're seeing a girl in town. But they got it figured it means a lot to you and they won't say nothing about it."

"That's okay." He paced on in silence for a minute, then said, "But what worries me is Mary and me. Jack—" He hesitated. "I told you about Mary. I told you how I feel about her. But I don't think—" He hesitated again. "I don't think I been honest—"

Hrubes said nothing.

"I ain't thought of Mary, how maybe she feels—"

"You mean?" Hrubes said.

"No—I don't know. I don't know nothing."

"She probably likes you, George—likes you a lot."

"Maybe. But there's nothing ahead."

"Whose fault is that?"

"It ain't her fault."

"It ain't yours."

"No, but I want to do what's right, Jack."

"How do you know what's right?" Hrubes said.

XV

I FEEL like a long walk. Do you?" she said.

"I do if you do."

"Are you a good walker, George?"

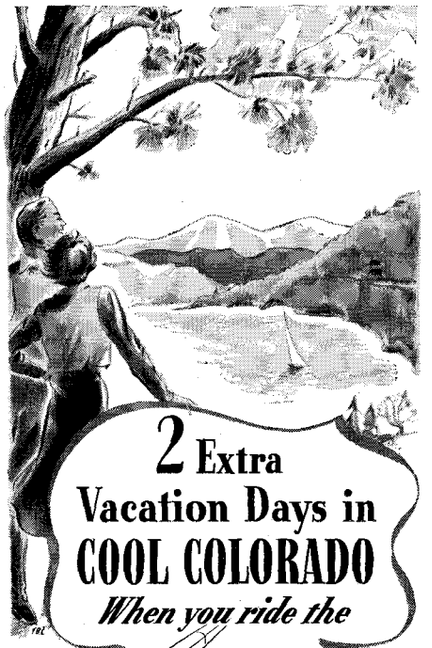
"I guess I can walk as far as you'll take me."

They went straight toward the west, across the lowest part of town, then gradually made their way up into the hills.

They passed a power line and came to a rutted dirt road that wound back into the woods. It looked cool—"Where does that road go?" he said.

"I don't know. It might be used for lumbering."

Curious, they walked in and after a few minutes heard a sound of hammering ahead of them. They came out in a clearing and saw a frame house with sheds alongside of it and in a large flat space in front of the house a man making boxes out of slats. Fifty or sixty boxes, already made, stood piled behind him and he was making another one exactly like those he had already made. The slats he used were of thin rough wood; many of them had the bark still on them. They walked up to the man;



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he hardly noticed them, even when Burley said, "Hello."

"Hello," he said, still working.

"Making boxes?"

"Uh-huh."

"What are they for?" Mary said.

"You a stranger 'round here, young lady?"

"I live in town."

"You never seen people makin' these boxes?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, these is for ferns. There's lots of people 'round here picks ferns."

"What do you do, sell them?"

"Sure." He stopped work a moment. "Sure, I sell them for so much a hundred. The buyers ships them to these cold-storage places. That's where the florists gits them for bouquets and so on." He spat to one side. "If you want to know, the money from this is all some families gits in a year."

"But where do you get the ferns?"

"In the woods. Have to know how to pick them—they gotta be picked just so or they ain't worth nothin'."

The man now resumed work on the box as though he had talked long enough and the clearing filled with the sound of hammering.

They turned and walked slowly back along the dirt road. At the edge of the road was a bright patch of green fern he had not noticed as he came in. He stepped off the road into the porous hollow where the fern was growing and picked a spray and brought it to Mary. She fastened it in the middle of her dress. As they walked on, Mary said, "George?" He said nothing, and she said, "George, what is it? What is it hurts you so?"

"You, Mary." He hesitated. "And me. I want to be honest with you—"

"Yes—"

"You know what I am. I'm in a home. I can't live on my own—I don't have a thing, nothing in the world. I've seen you for a while and it's made me happy—but I got to stop."

"Why?"

"Don't you know why, Mary?"

"Are you thinking of yourself?"

"No, of you."

"Then you don't have to stop."

"I can't offer you nothing, Mary."

"You said you could work—"

"That was before the depression."

"If you can work, you have the right to work."

"The right's not enough."

"There's hope, George."

He said nothing.

"George, even now I have something I didn't have before. And I want it, I want that. I can wait for anything more."

"It may be hell waiting."

"I can if you can."

"I can."

He looked at the spray of fern.

XVI

THAT EVENING, after the standard Sunday-night supper of crackers and milk and baked beans, Burley went upstairs. In his room, he walked over to the window and looked up, over the grove of pines, to the line of hills to the west. Sun, hills. And somewhere there was the road, somewhere there the place where they had stood—

He heard a knock on the door. "Come in," he said.

Hrubes came in. "Hello," he said.

"Jack—" He walked quickly over to him. "Jack, I saw Mary today."

"I know. I knew it when I saw you downstairs before supper—" Hrubes walked over to the window and said, "George, I'm glad." After a moment he said, "Now I guess I can tell you something, George. You'll know why I didn't tell you before." He turned and looked out of the window. "Before the war, George, before I got my face blown away, I loved a girl. We were going to get married." His voice became tight. "Well, we didn't marry before I left, I didn't think it was fair—then this happened to me. I wrote her and I kind of felt how she took it. She was scared, George, even before she saw me. Then, I come home and she did see me. It was like scaring a child. A different girl maybe could of seen I was still there, behind my face. She couldn't—"

Burley put his arm around him.

"You're lucky, George," Hrubes said. "You got a different kind of a girl."

XVII

ON TUESDAY Burley met Mary in town, and she told him that she had spoken to her family about him. There had been a fight—her parents said she had to stop seeing him. She said she was going to keep on seeing him. They had a long argument; finally she practically told her parents that there was steady work at the factory and unless she saw him as she wanted, she would leave home and see him on the outside. It was only then that they gave in.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's the only way I could do it."

As they walked slowly along Bridge Street, he thought of the power of a job. Mary had been able to do what she wanted because she had work. People don't boss you when you can support

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yourself. Freedom, work—it went together. But what about him, what about work for him?

They crossed the bridge over the stream; the water rustled in its bed of rocks.

They walked slowly on and came to South Street. Instead of saying good-by as she usually did, Mary said, "Come to the house now." He felt she wanted him to come to prove he could do it and he said, "All right." It was getting dark; they walked up South Street to the house and Mary brought him in, in through the hall to the dining room. Again, as he had before, he felt what it meant to be entering a private home; he thought of Mary fighting for him, keeping this for him. Mary switched on a lamp.

"Sit down," she said.

She came close to him; he reached up and touched her. "Mary," he said, "you know I been looking for work—"

"I know, George."

"But there's millions out of work. It's hard to buck it, Mary."

"I know."

"I'll do all I can. But Mary, those years I was working, I never thought about it, I never thought it would stop."

"George—"

"What?"

"If it hadn't stopped, I wouldn't have found you—or you me."

"I know. . . . Mary, now it's stopped, I get thinking. What's wrong, Mary? I want to help myself—I can't."

"I love you, George. Don't think. Don't think too much."

XVIII

THREE DAYS later he received a letter from his sister. He kept thinking, Should I tell Hrubes? It wasn't sure yet. It had been hard enough telling Mary when it wasn't sure. But he had had to tell her; he could keep nothing from Mary.

And the hope kept burning in him. In spite of every doubt the hope kept burning.

Hrubes said, "Look at the flower beds there, over by the elms."

Burley looked. The flowers that had been still fresh and blooming the day before were dying; last night there had been the first "killing frost." It had come early, he thought; it would be a hard winter.

"I seen Bob Lyell looking around this morning," Hrubes said. "You should of seen his face. He's still a farmer; he hates the frost."

"He sure has it in for frost."

As they walked up past the laundry, he noticed the vines of a squash field behind the laundry blackened by frost. Hrubes said, "They'll probably pick the squash today."

Burley was silent, then said, "Jack, I want to tell you something." He took a letter out of his pocket. He unfolded it and handed it to Hrubes, watched intently while Hrubes read it through.

"This is from your sister?"

"Yes."

"They got a job for you—"

"But it's not sure."

"Well, it looks good the way it sounds—"

"Jack, I almost hated to tell you about this. It ain't sure—I hate to count on it."

"Your sister wouldn't of written if it hadn't been pretty sure."

"I know. That's why I'm hoping."

"You told Mary?"

"Yes, I had to. The same as Sis had to tell me—"

"It sure is time you got your break, George—"

He said nothing.

"I hope it comes through."

"I'll know in a week."

"They'll write?"

"They'll write."

They said nothing more.

XIX

THE SQUASH in the field behind the laundry were not picked that day but the following Monday, in the late afternoon. He and Hrubes were out on the porch and heard the squash pickers and went out to watch them. Two men did the job. One stood in the middle of the field among the crushed and dying vines and cut the squash and threw them to another man at the edge of the field. Out of the dead vines came the heavy streaked green globes; the picker swung them; they flew up through the air to the arms of the man waiting.

The two men worked steadily; they took it easy but they knew they were working and they knew they had it over the two men watching. Well, Burley thought, he had a letter in his pocket; in a few days it might put him back where they were. The heavy light blazed; silver streaks of the squash flashed in the air. Afternoon, the setting sun, the hired men calling to each other—it was a single sound, clear, loud—he looked up, Bob Lyell was coming down the edge of the field.

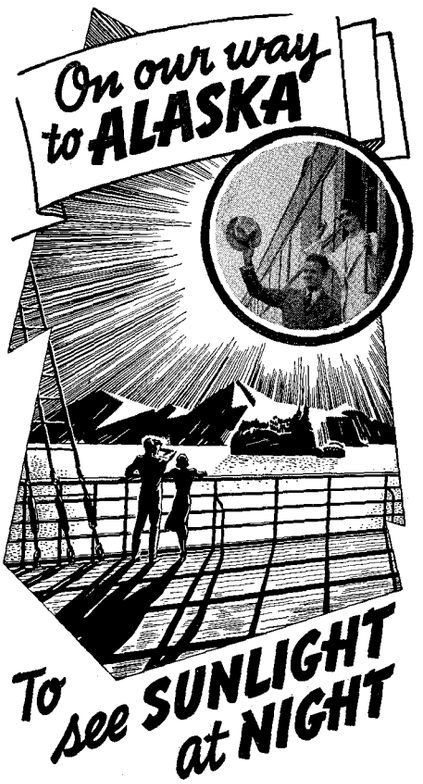
"Hello, Bob," Hrubes said, as Bob came up to them. "What you think of them squash?"

"Ain't bad."

"Pretty good size."

"Yeah, good size, most of them," Bob said.

Under Bob's slow voice Burley felt



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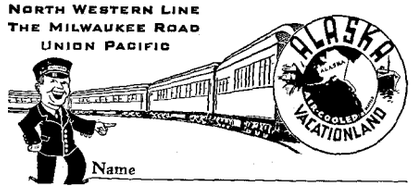

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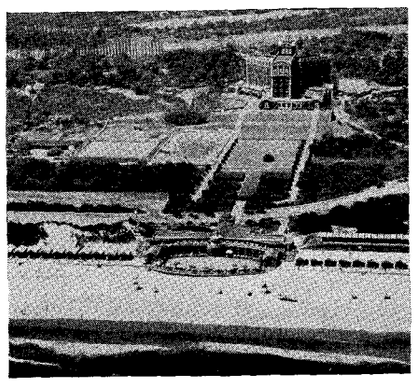

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immense longing. Bob would like to be standing catching the squash in his own arms, then putting them down on the ground. He knew why Bob had come to the edge of this field, why he went to the barn and watched the silo being filled, watched them put up door after door as the silage mounted. As he watched him look at the green squash coming out of the field, he remembered his talk with Bob some weeks before, remembered how he had felt Bob's loneliness and need—he said quickly, "Bob, I don't know what's the matter you can't have a farm—"

"I had one. . . . I had one," Bob said, "but in one year they got it away from me. Said the mortgage had to be renewed. Said the principal had to be reduced. How could I git money to reduce any principal? For three hundred dollars I couldn't git, they took my farm away from me."

He looked at the field, then turned and walked away.

"First time he's told anybody that," Hrubes said.

"For three hundred dollars," Burley said. "No wonder he don't talk about it."

Hrubes looked at the squash still coming out of the field.

"It's worth talking about," he said.

XX

Two days later, just before noon, Burley got a letter from his sister. He felt nervous, he went out on the porch to read it. Mr. George Burley, State Soldiers' Home . . . He looked up. It was the first real hope he had had, the first promise. For a week he had felt good, had felt that the years of waiting, of doubt, sometimes even of despair, might be coming to an end.

Mr. George Burley, State Soldiers' Home . . .

He tore the back flap of the envelope and took out the letter. The first sentence told him: "George, I can't tell you how sorry—" He read on, "at the last minute this order they counted on didn't come through and they couldn't put another man on. We were so sure. We wouldn't have told you if we hadn't thought—" They were sorry, they said to keep up hope, spoke of other places they were going to try. But he knew what it meant. He knew his sister and Pete, since they knew about Mary, had been trying harder than they ever had before and if they had failed now, it meant no job in Leedsville, no job for months, maybe longer. What hope was there? He had tried himself, he had not even come near a job.

The factory motor, out of the noon air, beat and throbbed. Mary—he would have to tell her. It would be hard to do. Tell her "no job," tell her now it was the same as it had been for months, uncertainty, waiting, again waiting. And if it was hard for him, what would it be for her?

He got up, went down to the end of the porch and, stepping down, started out on the road to town.

He ate lunch in a small lunch wagon and sat looking dully through its small windows; after lunch, he went out and walked aimlessly.

At four o'clock he heard the factory motor stop and went to the intersection of a street along which Mary usually came on her way home from work. He stood waiting, looking down the street but not wanting to see her come. Finally he saw her. She saw him and immediately hurried. In front of him was a tree; she went from the shadow of the tree into the sun and then he saw it—on her hair, her face, neck, arms, on the down itself of her skin, the points of light. Covered with the light of her work. He looked at her and saw her as he had seen her that first time, opening his eyes, in the factory yard.

"Mary—" he said.

She said nothing.

"Mary, I guess you know."

"I know, George."

"I got a letter this morning."

"No job?"

"No job."

"George—" After a moment she said, "George, don't—don't take it like that."

"I can take it. What I'm thinking about is you."

"George, you love me, love me enough so you don't give up?"

"I do, Mary."

"You'll keep on?"

"I'll keep on—"

"I love you, George. I can wait—I don't care if it's a long time. I don't care—"

"It'll be hard."

"George, I don't care. I just want you, I just want you to go on, go on the same way. George?"

He took her hand.

"All right," he said.

XXI

Standing on the home porch one morning in late April, in a momentary silence of the group of men standing with him, Burley thought of the morning the fall before when he had received the letter from his sister saying there was no job for him. The coldness of this morning was about the same; looking to the right, he could see the grove of pines;

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its green had been dulled by winter, but it looked about the same. Things had not changed much. He was still looking for work, at times disgusted with the uselessness of trying, at other times with the old fury. Since fall, all through winter and spring, he had not had even the promise of a job. But he still tried, he still made the rounds hoping his luck would change. One way of looking at it, there had been certain changes that were important—for Hrubes, him, Mary. Mary—

He and the men standing with him were watching one of the south fields being plowed. One of the farm laborers guided the plow which was pulled by a single horse; the furrow turned straight, cold, and gleaming out of the earth.

"Ground looks good," Bob Lyell said.

Spring, a new year beginning. Another winter behind them. Burley looked at the breaking ground and felt freedom coming out of it. This spring might mean freedom; for a few of the men this spring there was some promise of it.

Burley, like most of the World War men, during the winter had received a small, four-page document called Public Law No. 425—74th Congress. This document told in legal language that on June 15 of the present year World War veterans would be entitled to the payment of the balance of their bonus—the "heroes" at last were going to get a break. How much of a break? Burley thought. How much they got depended on how long they had been in service, and there were only a few in the home who had been in service long enough to really get something. He had, two or three others; the rest had probably fifty to two hundred dollars coming to them. He knew what they were thinking. What would it do? What would it mean, would it mean anything? Would it mean freedom?

They were thinking it now. He knew they were thinking it and soon they began to talk about it—but indirectly.

"Well, it won't be long," Al said, "before some people around here are coming in for some money."

The men were quiet for a moment, then Al said, "How many bonds y' gettin', Charlie—"

"About one and a half, I guess," he said. "A lot, ain't it?"

Freedom? Charlie smoked, watched the movement of the plow, of the farm hand guiding the plow. As the earth broke, he held the smoke in, then breathed it out in a gasp.

Bob Lyell watched the plowing; to him Burley knew it meant no possible freedom, only loss.

"They're goin' to put that field to potatoes again this year," he said. "No telling when they'll get around to it, though. I was talkin' to the farm boss the other day—says he's got Irish Cobblers and Green Mountains. Way he picks seed potato, though, I never see."

The men listened to Bob and they felt tight in the throat. No bonus for Bob, no bonus for the Spaniards. For them the breaking of the earth had no special promise . . . Bob went on talking, his voice filled the porch, and the men listened, silent.

XXII

Although work was slackening at the waxed-paper factory, most of the factories of the town this spring were working at capacity; throughout the town there was an air of work and well-being. As early as March, two men from the home were able to get jobs. It was the textile mills that were particularly booming, and seeing that this was the best chance he had had in several years, Hrubes tried day and night to get work. He argued, "What difference does it make to them if I only work a year, two years? I'm skilled, I can work now. And they need men now." He had apparently been right; two days ago he had gotten a job in the second largest mill in town, the Baurenfeind-Decker mill.

They were walking down now to meet Hrubes and see the room he had rented in town.

"Where is his room?" Mary said.

"He wouldn't tell me. I guess it's near where he's gonna meet us."

"In the center of town—?"

"Oh, there's places around there."

"How does he feel, happy?"

"He's happy, but you know Jack—he don't talk much."

They walked steadily ahead. Toward Main Street, the houses began to close up; then they came to the stores which extended down Bridge Street for several blocks. The street was crowded here; it was not until they reached the middle of the second block of stores that they saw Hrubes waiting for them. He waved and came up to meet them.

"Well, where you got this room hidden?" Burley said.

"It ain't so far," Hrubes said. They went a few steps down the block and then turned into an alley between stores. "In here?" "Yes, in here," Hrubes said. They walked forward through the narrow alley and at the rear, as though passing through the wall of the stores, came out on a view of the valley bottom.

Directly ahead of them was a wide row of white garages; above these was the wall of a slum tenement. This tenement, set with- (*continued on page* 64)

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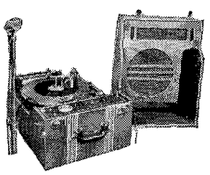

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Music and Records

A worthy interpretation of Debussy's Préludes *... More Beecham recordings ... Barbirolli's treatment of Purcell*

THE piano works of Claude Debussy are beyond doubt his most characteristic compositions and the most original contributions to the literature of the instrument in this century. Yet in spite of their unchallenged musicality and definite appeal to every sensitive listener, the best of them are neglected by the rank and file of present-day pianists.

That this luminous and enchanting music should be left to languish is not due to any marked lack of appreciation on the part of a large number of listeners —after all, Debussy's *La Mer, Ibéria, Nuages,* and *Fêtes* are orchestral favorites—but rather because the average teacher and pianist simply will not make the effort to explore the vast new horizon it opens up to them.

The main difficulty inherent in Debussy's keyboard pieces is of an intimate order, interpretative rather than mechanical; and all sorts of Czerny exercises and diligent application to the music of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt will not promote a better understanding of Debussy's idiom, so pure and so individual in quality. Performers whose sense of hearing remains shackled to the four-squareness and symmetry of classical pieces will always have difficulty with his music. The beauty of the *Préludes,* for example, can be fully realized only by an artist who has plumbed their innermost secrets, and who does not seek melodic developments and effects which quite properly belong to other masters but for which Debussy had no use. In short, the greatest crime committed by Debussy interpreters is not so much in what they discover in his music as in what they bring to it.

Of the Alfred Cortot and Walter Gieseking recordings of the twelve *Préludes* from *Book I,* on recent record lists, there can be no question of the latter's superiority. It is about time someone pointed out that Cortot has had much greater success with his literary descriptions of the suggestive pieces than with his musical interpretations of them. Gieseking is quite satisfied to leave the picturesque titles where Debussy placed them, at the end of each piece, and allow the shimmering measures to speak for themselves. And the way he does this is a miracle in itself: the expressiveness of each melodic fragment, of each chord; the integration of the component elements, one beside the other; and over all a transparent sonority governed by what mysterious pressure of the fingers, prolongation of the pedal, only Gieseking knows.

I have only one reservation about this superb album: in some of the records the top notes have a tendency to blast, and until you have played each record a number of times, the film across the surface gives the high frequencies a disagreeable fuzzy sound. One pocket in the album has been left vacant; this is for Gieseking's record of the tenth *Prélude, La Cathédrale engloutie,* which was released some time ago. As a most acceptable dividend, an odd side contains the fresh, pattering *Jardins sous la pluie* from *Estampes* (Columbia set No. 352).

*

The recording of the complete *Die Zauberflöte* will be exciting news for many collectors. Hot on the heels of *Cosi fan tutte, Don Giovanni,* and *Le Nozze di Figaro,* this fine set is not a product, like its predecessors, of the Glyndebourne Opera Company, but was made by a distinguished cast of German singers and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. The mere mention of this conductor's name should be enough for most Mozartians. And, indeed, the first words of praise must go to him and the orchestra. In love with this entrancing music from beginning to end, Sir Thomas communicates his own enchantment to us, and to the singers. Tiana Lemnitz is completely satisfying as Pamina, and Erna Berger negotiates the coloratura stretches of the Queen of Night admirably. Of the male artists, Gerhard Hüsch as Papageno, Helge Roswaenge as Tamino, and Wilhelm Strienz as Sarastro are excellent. But, I must repeat, the chief honors go to the conductor. The fact that *Die Zauberflöte* has a lot of spoken dialogue instead of *recitativo secco* is all to your

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advantage. This has not been recorded, and consequently the two acts are easily compressed into two albums without omitting a measure of the music (Victor sets Nos. M-541 & M-542).

*

While I prefer the poignant aria, "When I am laid in earth," from Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* in its original form for contralto voice and strings, I can quite accept John Barbirolli's arrangement of it for English horn and strings. You will find this deeply expressive lament in the *Suite for strings, four horns, two flutes, and English horn* which the conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony has derived from Purcell's dramatic music. Four other movements of exquisite music are drawn from the incidental scores to Dryden's *King Arthur,* D'Urfrey's *The Virtuous Wife,* and *The Gordian Knot Untied,* by an unknown Restoration playwright; and a sixth movement has been taken from Vol. XV of the Purcell Society Edition.

Possibly this is the best way to bring the unjustly neglected music of one of England's greatest composers to the attention of the public. Mr. Barbirolli's instrumentation is a model of good taste, and the strings and wood winds respond superbly to his sensitive direction (Victor set No. M-533).

If you have been perplexed in your selection of the best version of Brahms' *Symphony No. 3 in F, op. 90,* the new recording of this work by Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic Orchestra solves your problem (Columbia set No. 353).

Sir Thomas Beecham pops up again with a reading of Weber's *Oberon Overture* that is one of the most bewitching things I have ever heard. The London Philharmonic is constantly improving, and in this recording it is almost up to New World standards (Columbia No. 69410).

Another single disc is worth mentioning: the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance, under Leopold Stokowski, of two of Erik Satie's *Gymnopédies.* Originally written for piano, these slow and solemn dances were orchestrated by Debussy, although the labels give no indication of the fact. Composed about 1889, this music is remarkable for its adumbration of the harmonic devices of Debussy and Ravel. The pieces are beautifully played and recorded (Victor No. 1965).

Aaron Copland's *What to Listen For in Music* (Whittlesey House, $2.50) is the best thing of its kind I have ever read. Harry Allen Feldman's *Music and the Listener* (Dutton, $2) is quite possibly the worst. —RICHARD GILBERT

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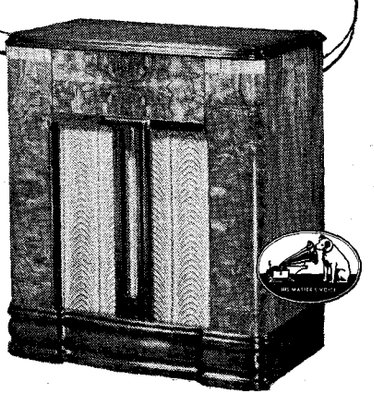

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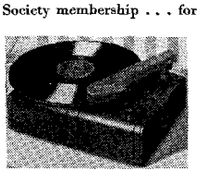

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Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

The varicolored Pousse-Café . . . a word on wine sauces and the recipe for Marchand de Vins . . . proper storage in the home cellar

That most colorful of all drinks, which is known under the French name of Pousse-Café—although practically unknown in France—is apparently recovering some of its pre-prohibition popularity.

Recipes for the drink are plentiful, but no one would attempt to name the correct one; nor has anyone, to my knowledge, ever tried to explain the origin of the name. Literally translated, "Pousse-Café" means "Push-the-Coffee"; it is an after-dinner cordial—or collection of cordials—and the name therefore explains itself. (And, by the way, there is no accent on the final letter of the first word, the correct pronunciation being "Pooss-Caffay," and not "Poossay-Caffay.") Almost any liqueurs may be used in the drink, and as many as will fit in the glass.

The so-called French Pousse-Café is made of six equal parts of maraschino, raspberry syrup, vanilla, curaçao, chartreuse, and brandy. The New Orleans variety is made with one-quarter each of brandy, maraschino, curaçao, and Jamaica rum. And there is a Parisian one made with one-third each of maraschino, kirsch, and chartreuse. Whatever formula you choose, the trick is to pour the ingredients carefully, in order to prevent them from running into each other, thereby spoiling the color scheme which is the drink's main attraction. Here are two more of the well-known recipes.

Rainbow Pousse-Café. Six ingredients poured in the following order: one-sixth each of grenadine, maraschino, green crème de menthe, yellow chartreuse, curaçao, and brandy.

Waldorf Pousse-Café. Seven ingredients given by Crockett as follows: one-seventh each of raspberry syrup, anisette, parfait amour, crème Yvette, yellow chartreuse, green chartreuse, and brandy.

In each case, the heavy liqueurs should be poured first and the brandy last. Beginners might do well to practice by pouring the liquids over the back of the bowl of a spoon.

A French writer who visited New York in pre-repeal days wrote that "American digestion would improve if Americans made more and better sauces." Today, we have many sauces—perhaps too many for good digestion. The part played by repeal is indisputable, for wine assumes a most important rôle in the preparation of many of the finest sauces. And the part that a fine sauce can play in the enjoyment of what otherwise might prove an ordinary dish is truly amazing.

All of which is suggested by the fol-

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lowing recipe for one of the most delightful dishes of modern cuisine, known under the somewhat commonplace name of Minced Beef Tenderloin Marchand de Vins. But in those last three words lies the magic which is to transform the dish into a rare epicurean treat. For Marchand de Vins—or Wine Merchant—indicates the sauce as it was prepared for me at the Crillon Restaurant, Park Avenue luncheon and dinner rendezvous, by Otto J. Baumgarten, owner of the place and one of the leading restaurateurs in the city.

Beef Tenderloin. Two pounds of beef tenderloin divested of all its fat and skin. Cut in thin slices and fry in oil or clear butter on a very brisk fire. When browned, drain well and mix with the previously prepared sauce.

Sauce Marchand de Vins. Fry four ounces of very finely chopped shallots in butter. Moisten with one pint of red wine, adding a small sachet containing a little garlic, half a bay leaf, two cloves, a pinch of thyme, and a few grains of crushed all-spice. Reduce to half its quantity. Add one pint of very rich meat glaze (meat stock, greatly reduced), boil for ten minutes, skim off the fat, and stir in a quarter of a pound of beef marrow cut in small squares and a teaspoonful of fresh chopped parsley. This will be sufficient for four persons.

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—G. SELMER FOUGNER

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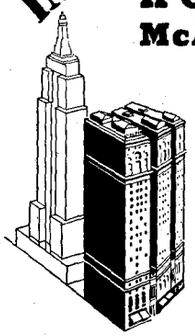

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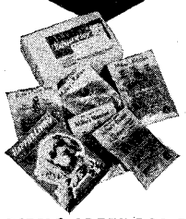

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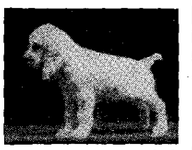

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Dogs and Kennels

White House dogs . . . Laddie Boy, Manchu . . . Major and Meggie

In one of the lulls at the Westminster Show, we got to talking with a man from Washington, and from him picked up some interesting odds and ends about Washington dogs. It seems that Cleveland was probably the first President to keep a dog in the White House. There's an old photograph around of Cleveland sitting on the White House steps with a setter, whose name is lost to history.

Theodore Roosevelt set the modern record for White House dogs. His son Archie kept a large Saint Bernard, and Alice had a Manchurian Peke whose Chinese breed dated back 2000 years—presented by the Empress of China. T. R. had other dogs around but all were overshadowed, and overawed, by Manchu.

Our man didn't know whether Manchu left any descendants. But he told of another royal gift: a white poodle presented by the King and Queen of Italy to our Ambassador at Rome and by him presented to Mrs. Taft. In contrast, Wilson had an old English sheep dog.

It was Harding who built the first White House kennels—for Laddie Boy, probably the best known of all White House dogs. The Hardings owned a number of blue-ribbon collies but Laddie Boy was the President's favorite. Coolidge kept collies, but none ever got the build-up given Laddie Boy. Hoover's favorite was Tut, a German shepherd who died of old age before Mr. Hoover got to the White House. His Gordon setter was the handsomest of all White House dogs, but not the pet Tut was.

The current Roosevelts have had poor luck with dogs. Major, a German police, tried to bite Ramsay MacDonald and did bite Mrs. Caraway. Meggie, a Scotch terrier, growled at anyone who came close to Mrs. Roosevelt, and finally bit a newspaperwoman. There were several others, including Winks, a setter puppy who was an F. D. R. favorite when he died in 1934. Since then no dog has had a home in the White House.

The ranking Washington dog now is Secretary Morgenthau's great Dane, Danno. He goes to the Treasury every day, sits in on fiscal conferences and now and then takes an airplane ride. Mr. Ickes also has a great Dane, solid black, while Harry Hopkins has a sorrel-and-white cocker spaniel. He goes to the office every day but isn't permitted in conferences. —J. B. McK.

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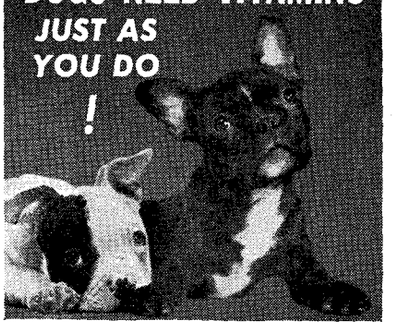

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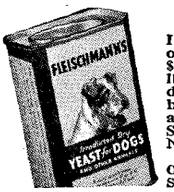

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Biography

As the rear guard of winter books passes with the spring, it is officered, properly enough, by fighting men. Winston Churchill's *Marlborough: His Life and Times* (Scribners, 6 vols., $16.50) supplies a great captain. Completion of this work, one of the half-dozen most distinguished military biographies in English, was probably the most notable event of the literary season. Churchill writes even better than he speaks, and if he had not made politics his career, he might have been one of the most popular writers of his generation. He has that fine, infrequent combination of dramatic sense, historical judgment, and felicitous phrasing. As the good strategist a descendant of the Duke should be, he employs the offensive-defensive in his literary war on Marlborough's traducers, and when, as Henry Esmond would have insisted on saying, he leaves Milord to fame, dead in Windsor Lodge, he passes on to future biographers no larger labor than that of analyzing his treatment of the disputable chapters in the life of the most resourceful of British soldiers. Of fact, little more will be discovered; in broad portrayal of Marlborough, there is such scant prospect of excelling Churchill that none will essay the task.

Scarcely less distinguished in craftsmanship and similarly pitched to *arma virumque* is Arthur Bryant's *Samuel Pepys, the Saviour of the Navy* (Macmillan, $3.75). The new, third volume of this fine work portrays a discerning and persistent administrator whom even those familiar with the paradoxes of England after the Restoration will have difficulty in identifying as the gossipy and petulant diarist. A third military biography of special interest to Americans is Colonel Alfred H. Burne's *Lee, Grant and Sherman* (Scribners, $2), a study of leadership in the campaigns of 1864–65. Colonel Burne set out to appraise the judgment passed on these American soldiers by three British writers of recent years—General Maurice, General Fuller, and Captain Liddell Hart. He confirms General Maurice's judgment of Lee, he punctures politely some of General Fuller's assumptions, and he gives to two much-criticized Confederates, Early and Hood, a higher place than heretofore has been assigned them.

Of autobiographies that are themselves material of history, the passing winter produced at least four of uncommon interest. First place must go to Arthur Train's *My Day in Court* (Scribners, $3.50), delightsome and chatty reminiscences of a dual career as lawyer and writer—the sort of book to take up for a chuckle, to put down for further perusal, and to quote when the dinner party gets dull. The same thing may be said of *Seventy Years Young,* the memoirs of Elizabeth, Countess of Fingall (Dutton, $5). Her Irish stories are not such as would have made Sir Jonah Barrington's audience guffaw, nor are they quite so panoplied with splendor as Lord Frederick Hamilton's survey of a slightly earlier period, but they are altogether diverting. It is interesting to compare Lady Fingall's pictures of wartime with those presented in *Days of Our Years* (Hillman-Curl, $3.50), by Pierre van Paassen, a Hollander who adventured in the ministry, served with the Canadian Corps in the World War, and then endured some unhappy and disillusioning experiences before he became one of the most brilliant of roving newspaper correspondents. Philip Gibbs never wrote with more sustained vigor, nor did Erich Remarque ever display more flaming hatred of war. It is a long book, which comes down to the Czech crisis, but it burns on every page. An equally human document is Joseph A. Jerger's somewhat unhappily styled *Doctor, Here's Your Hat* (Prentice-Hall, $2.75), a candid, amusing, and forthright account of the ups and downs of practice in Iowa and in Chicago. Its central figure, most affectionately portrayed as the author's ideal, is "Old Doc" Fullerton of Waterloo, Iowa. He seems to have been much the same type of self-effacing country doctor that Frazier Hunt presents in *The Little Doc* (Simon & Schuster, $2), a popular

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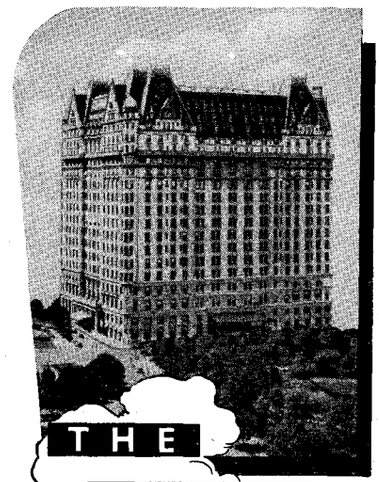

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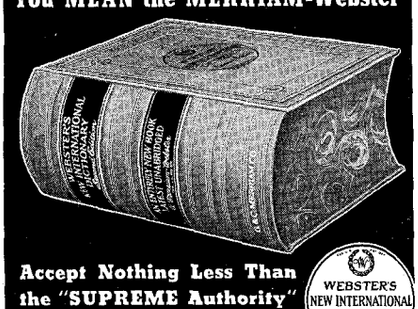

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—DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN

Foreign Affairs

Despite the fuss and bother in the Mediterranean during the past months, books on foreign affairs for the most part still draw their inspiration from the German situation. This, I suppose, is a reflection of the general feeling that, in comparison with Hitler and Germany, the Duce and his new Italy are merely second-raters. Mussolini is an opportunist (proved to the hilt in Megaro's *Mussolini in the Making*); his movement was that of an aggressive minority; and his country is naturally poor and weak, "a great power only by courtesy" as Bismarck suggested years ago. Hitler, on the other hand, is a Messiah to a majority of his people, and his people is one of the most highly endowed, most virile and, shall we say, most mystical and therefore most dangerous in the world today. This is the line taken by Hendrik van Loon in his *Our Battle* (Simon & Schuster, $1), a concise and unvarnished broadside which deserves the numerous readers it is intended for. The only objection I have to Van Loon's book is to the title. It is not really an analysis of our struggle (and we certainly have a many-sided one), nor yet a counterblast to Hitler's effusion, but rather an exposé of what has happened in Germany, what the Nazi system involves, what the Nazi aims and aspirations are, and what they imply for this and other democracies. As such it can be warmly recommended.

Taking a somewhat novel tack, Theodore Abel, in his *Why Hitler Came into Power* (Prentice-Hall, $2.75), has reopened the vexed question suggested by his title. Dissatisfied with the theorizing of men like Schumann and Strachey, he attempted to get at the facts by offering (in 1934) a prize for the best autobiographical essays written by Nazis or Nazi sympathizers. For a paltry 400 marks he secured upward of 600 confessions, which makes one boil at the thought that one or another of our foundations, for a few thousand dollars, might have accumulated a really impressive fund of material. Mr. Abel would be the last one to claim conclusiveness for the evidence, but the replies he elicited bear, for the most part, the marks of sincerity and artlessness. They enable him to retrace the story of Hitler's rise in very human terms and help to correct some current misconceptions. For example, among his respondents only 12 per cent were less than 26 years old in 1934, while 51 per cent were between 27 and 40 years of age and no less than 33 per cent were 41 to 59. Of those who joined the party between 1925 and 1927 almost half were workers and about the same number belonged to the lower middle class. The majority had only a public school education, 40 per cent were war veterans, but only 9 per cent were unemployed or in economic difficulties. While the replies produced no startling revelations, they indicate that resentment against the republican regime, the undemocratic character of other nationalist parties, the appeal of the *Gemeinschaft* idea, the magnetic quality of Hitler and his oratory, the clever management of the meetings, and the generally dynamic nature of the movement had most to do with Nazi success. I found this book most illuminating.

—WILLIAM L. LANGER

Fiction

If Don Marquis had lived to finish his *Sons of the Puritans* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), it would, I think, at once have found its place among the finest American novels. The unfinished book runs to more than 300 pages and carries its hero through a year at college and up to the time when he makes the break with his small town which will send him to new adventures in New York. But at the pace so far taken, and with the rich full course of the story, it must have needed still many pages—perhaps as many again—to do the theme justice. What Jack Stevens might finally have done or become can only be guessed at. *Sons of the Puritans* is merely the story of a youth in a Midwestern village. That village, however, seems to me more accurately and wisely represented than any in American fiction.

Or rather, the people in the village. Don Marquis does not make an abstract entity of the village and personify it. This is simply Hazelton (Don Marquis's native Walnut?), Illinois, just before and after 1900. The center of the town's life lies largely in its two churches, in part because Jack is the son of a minister and plans to become one, but for the most part because the churches furnished whatever center such towns had at that time. Here for once are congregations which, while truly presented, are not in the least caricatured. They are bigoted without knowing and cruel without intending it. As Don Marquis says of two of the best men in the book, "They both came of an earnest, not ungenerous, bargaining tribe, full of ingenuous sincerities and strange incongruities, a people whirling with moral-

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istic subtleties and sophistries under their mask of simplicity; a people terribly open to satire, and always impelled by satire into a more stubborn insistence on their own essential characteristics." This single sentence is a whole history of a civilization. And the book is written throughout with precise analysis and deep understanding and affection.

When you have read the story, and look back over it, you find character after character and episode after episode crowding into your memory, as fresh as experience. And you will remember the wisdom and irony, the tenderness and humor, and above all a kind of warm pervasive charm which was Don Marquis's special quality.

The civil war in Spain has touched so many humane imaginations that it has produced a very striking body of fiction in the democratic countries. No one of these books has affected me so much as Ralph Bates's *Sirocco* (Random House, $2.50). A volume of short stories, it deals with Spain under the monarchy and the republic and during the war, now in brief concentrated sketches, now in stories almost long enough to be short novels. They cover a wide range of Spanish life. But the central attitude is summed up in what one man says about what kind of love will make him fight for his country. "He should know and love the country he works in, the little *country*. The valley he tills, he must sing in it and listen to its peculiar echoes; the village whose gardens he tends, he must be concerned not only for its material welfare but its decorum, its dignity. . . . By such a love a man may be lifted above mere obstinacy in opinion, or dry, cackling fanaticism, and revolutionary passion will not be egotism with him." Something of the same close-packed love for a locality appears in a very different novel: Phil Stong's *The Long Lane* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). This Iowa world of his is far from war and revolution, and it is not seen in the terrible tension of Ralph Bates's Spain. But here is a searching knowledge of Iowa, as all the senses know it, and the reflective mind comprehends it, without provincialism. I suppose the best way to write a good regional novel is to feel a large affection for a little country.

—Carl Van Doren

Mysteries

Despite the impressive array of authors' names, this month's criminal output is marked by quantity rather than quality.

The one superlative exception, however, is *The Great Game,* by H. C. Bailey (Doubleday, Doran, $2). This new full-length Reggie Fortune story (Reggie appeared first via the short-story route) is Mr. Bailey's *magnum opus* to date. Two strokes of the Mary bell in the evil-laden parish of Hurst precipitated Reggie Fortune upon the trail of several fiendish accumulative crimes, and called forth his subtlest gifts of analytic and intuitive deduction. For sheer writing ability and a deep understanding of structural requirements, the book is distinctive. But we also have admirable characterizations, speed and tenseness, and a brilliant denouement in a scene that is little short of masterly.

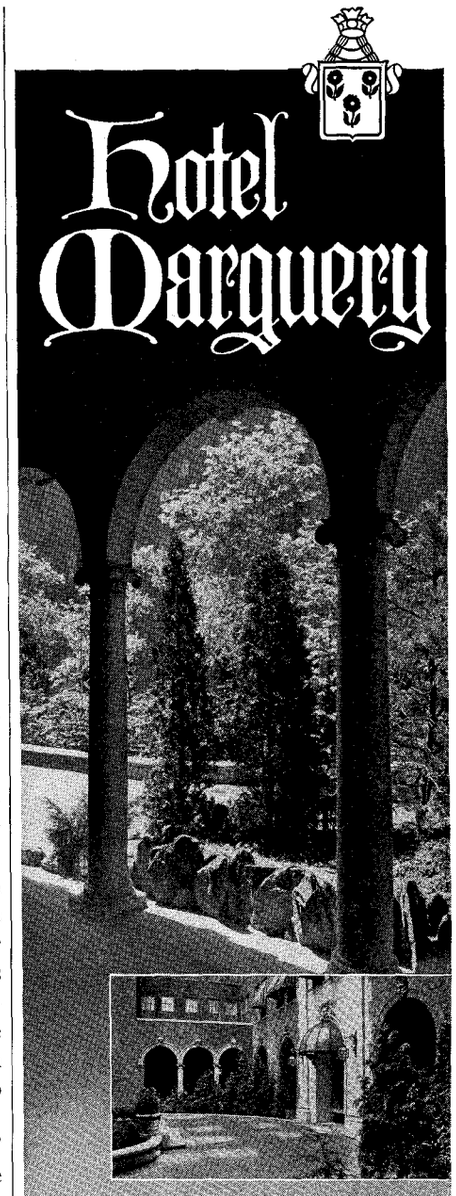
In the new Hercule Poirot tale, *Murder for Christmas,* by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $2), competent writing, well-ordered action, and deftly limned characters may or may not compensate the reader for a somewhat confused climax and a solution which, among exacting fans, has been taboo since Zangwill's *The Big Bow Mystery.*

In *The Case of the Green Felt Hat* (Holt, $2), Ludovic Travers, bespectacled detective of a dozen stories by Christopher Bush, makes his bride and her sister do quite a spot of detection for him. With their help he apprehends the murderer of a crooked stockbroker just out of prison, who unwittingly settles in an English village where lives a vengeful group of his erstwhile victims. The plot is nicely ramified and is solved with enjoyable precision and attention to detail.

The chapter headed "Brade's Bricks" in *The Moor Fires Mystery,* by Harriette R. Campbell (Harper, $2), is an interesting elucidation of the odd methods of perhaps the most unobtrusive detective in fiction. But Stephen Brade's deductions are sound, and the solution of the murder of Lord Serbridge and his secretary in the former's Scottish castle, is a well-guarded surprise. As an intellectual exercise this is among the best.

An imperative addition to your Holmesiana is Edgar W. Smith's *Appointment in Baker Street* (Pamphlet House, 1775 Broadway, New York, $1), an excellent and painstaking compendium of all the diverse characters who walked and talked with the immortal Sherlock Holmes. But Mr. Smith admits that this first edition is based on the apocryphal American texts, which depart in many instances from the accepted canonical forms; and a second edition is hinted at. May it come soon; and may it clear up for all time the nomenclatural confusion of the brothers Moriarty.

—S. S. Van Dine



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The Heroes

(continued from page 53)

out apparent reason in the midst of business buildings and garages in the congested center of the town, was approached by narrow alleys from several directions; it had the look of being filled, of being packed tight with life.

"I guess this don't seem like much to you," Hrubes said to Mary. "It's kind of crowded, noisy—"

A child of three or four was uttering a peculiar cry somewhere, a rising note repeated and repeated in just the same way; Burley felt sure Mary was listening to it and feeling it.

"It's wonderful," she said.

They went inside.

"What's the address here?" Burley said as they climbed the stairs. "You got an address?"

"Yes, thanks. You think I pay good money for a room and I don't get no address? It's six forty-two Bridge Street. I don't know how they figure it's on Bridge Street, but it is. Maybe it's the number of the alley."

Six forty-two Bridge Street. An address, a real one. Not "State Soldiers' Home." Burley knew what it meant, knew all the difference it meant to Hrubes.

XXIII

AFTER DINNER a day or two later, Burley went out and sat on the porch. He sat perfectly still, after a moment heard light steps coming down the stairs inside the building. He looked up, Bob Lyell was standing in the porch door.

"Hello, Bob," he said.

"Hello, George."

Bob was carefully dressed. He had on the heavy home uniform, and Burley thought perhaps he was going up the street. But after standing a moment in the door, Bob came out and said, "George, would y' want to come out to the barn with me?"

"Okay."

Burley got up and he and Bob walked to the end of the porch and took the road up to the barn. From bright sun they went into darkness, and for a moment it was hard for Burley to see. At first he thought the barn was empty, then he heard the quick jerk of a chain, they walked forward, in a heavily barred stall he saw a large bull.

They stood for a while looking at the big heavy-shouldered bull.

"Some animal," Burley said.

"Yeah, he's one of the best bulls I ever seen. He's a good bull. But the farm boss he thinks he ain't no good no more. Thinks he's old."

Burley looked at the bull carefully. At one moment the bull looked large, strong, then he saw signs of age. The bull's coarse hair was poor, the flesh loose, but particularly he noticed that the bull's legs seemed weak.

"Maybe he's gittin' old but they ain't no need to trade him yet," Bob said.

"Farm boss gonna trade him?"

"Yeah, it's what he says."

"Too bad."

"It ain't right. I don't see no need to trade him," Bob said.

Bob said this complainingly, as he always talked, but there was an undertone of something else in his voice.

XXIV

AN HOUR LATER Burley went up to his room. He opened the door, went into a block of sunlight, living, flickering as always with shadow; then, as the room was warm, he went over to the window and closed the shutters over the upper half of it. This was the first really warm day of spring. He went to his bed and sat down, stared for a moment at the long flare of light outside and beyond it at the houses at the edge of the town. The building was silent. There was a faint sound of pool balls clicking and thudding, except for that nothing. He closed his eyes, the home disappeared, building, corridors, room. Light flickering through his eyelids could have been anywhere, any room. Spring—spring and hope. In town. On Main Street, in the second story of a building just off Bridge Street, a local office of the CIO, the Committee for Industrial Organization, had been opened. Unionization, contracts. Talk of the presidential campaign, issues, of "progress." He opened his eyes. Heavy with the heat of the day, he looked slowly around him, he got slowly up and went to the window, folded back one of the shutters again. From the world of grayness behind him, the depths of room and mirror, he looked out at the sunlit world outside. Hope? He put his

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forehead against the edge of the window-frame, and the sun filled his eyes; he thought back to his first day in the room. A prisoner. Why? Why? The question flowed loud and dark against the sun. He folded the other shutter back, stood in the middle of the window in the full light of the sun.

As he stood there, he heard a sound from the back of the home; it was a shot. Following it, there was a cry. A moment later a man came running from the direction of the barn, he ran across the lawn, across the porch, the porch door slammed.

He went to his room door, opened it. Voices came up the stair well—

"The surgeon—"

There was a confused sound.

"Ed—"

And then he heard, clearly, "Bob Lyell's shot himself."

XXV

THE waxed-paper factory was kept going by unusual spring business until almost the last week in May; on the next to the last Saturday a notice was posted that the plant was closing down—would be closed down for the next six weeks or possibly longer.

Mary told Burley the evening of the day she heard. "I guess it had to come," she said.

"It's all right," he said. "Give you a vacation." But both of them knew what the closing of the factory meant this year— For eight or nine months Mary had been carefully saving something each week from her wages; now with no job these savings would begin to go, and go fast. For her parents, feeling as they did about Burley, would insist that Mary keep on paying board.

XXVI

DEAR GEORGE,

I guess you wonder if we've stopped trying to get work for you but we keep trying all the time and a while ago we were talking to Tom Martin who worked with you at Cobban's. He has a job but only three days a week and is making very little—he didn't know anything at the time but said he'd keep you in mind. Yesterday he came to the house and he had a proposition he talked over with us. Pete and I think it's good, George, but don't want to keep you from deciding yourself. Tom has written a letter we enclose with this.

All our love to you,
Sis

The second letter, enclosed, was written in the awkward scrawl of his fellow shop-worker, the same scrawl he could remember on notes and directions Tom wrote for him when they were working together in the shop.

Dear George,

Things is picking up here in Leedsville and I'm getting nine bonus bonds, understand yr getting ten so discussed with yr sister us starting a shop together. Yr a good workman George and lots of people we know wd give us work—if there was work for Cobban's shop before there ought to be work for us. This is my idea—both of us together got close to a thousand bucks, it ain't much but I think we cd make a go of it. I'm willing to stake my bonus and my job—which ain't much—to do it, that is if yr with me. Let me know soon as I want to get plans under way, wd like to start as soon as we get our money.

Tom

PS—I'll do all I can to make a go of it, George.

He read the letters again, particularly Tom's. "I think we cd make a go of it." During the past months, he and Mary had had a feeling that a change would come through the bonus money. What it would be they had not known.

A few times he and Mary had talked about "starting a business," but it was always just talk. They really knew nothing about business. But now when he read Tom's letter, the whole thing changed. Tom seemed to know what he was talking about; he believed in this proposition. It was something they could do, start a shop and work, do the work they had done for years. The more he thought about it, the more he was sure this was what they had been waiting for.

He wanted to tell Mary. Although it was near noon, he started up the street.

Mary would want it. He thought of what it would mean to them. If the shop succeeded, and he would work to the bone to make it succeed, they would be safe. If the shop failed, they could not be any worse off or go through any more suffering than they had already.

He reached Mary's house, rang the bell, and Mary came to the door.

She said, "Hello—I didn't expect you." She was smiling.

"Come out," he said.

"Why don't you come in?'

"No, I got something to tell you and I want to tell you outside."

She came out. He looked at her, at her hair held back as usual by two steel barrettes, at her face beginning to be colored with summer health, at her body, small but strong.

"What did you want to tell me?" she said.

"Let's walk along."

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Arm in arm, Mary he knew wondering at his excitement, they walked down South Street. He took the two letters, his sister's and Tom's, out of his pocket and gave them to her.

"Read them," he said.

Mary read them, slowly, her face not changing. "You're going to do it?" she said.

"I wanted to talk it over with you, Mary. But I think it looks good. I want to do it if you do—if you think we can make a go of it."

"You know Martin? Is he steady?"

"He's pretty steady. He's got a lot of sense—"

"Is there work, George, work for both of you?"

"I don't know, Mary. We'd just have to hope. But Cobban had three working for him. For the two of us seems as though we could get enough work. Tom and me know Cobban's customers and I think we could get a lot of them to come back to us—"

"They would."

"Once we got started, we'd get along—"

"I'll help you, George."

"Don't worry, Mary. You'll help me."

"George—"

"Yes?"

"We'll get married."

"We'll get married."

"Soon?"

"Soon."

"I'll love you so. George, I'll work for you and I'll always love you. I'll be a good wife to you, George."

"I know you will, Mary."

She suddenly took his face in her hands and kissed him on the lips. Her hair fell heavy across his face.

XXVII

On the afternoon of the seventeenth of June, Burley stood in the middle of his room at the home. Hrubes stood near him, had just helped him finally strap up his suitcases. The room was clean, in perfect order; everything Burley had had been packed and soon would be taken out of it; the room already looked empty.

At the entrance to the home Mary was waiting. Mary and a group of the home men with whom Burley had left her. In just the time it would take him to walk from here to the front entrance he would have left the home.

The day was warm; the sun that came into his room was hot with summer. He already felt free. In his pocket was a check for almost five hundred dollars. But it was not the money, at least that was not the only thing that made him free. What was more important was what had happened to him, was the knowledge and courage he had now.

"Well, the suitcases are ready," Hrubes said. "Forgotten anything?"

"No, I guess not."

He turned and looked at Hrubes; he thought, I'm alone with him, in the home, for the last time. He said, "Jack, it's hard leaving you."

"It's hard having you go, George. I guess I don't have to say the usual things —you know how I feel."

"It's the way I feel."

"George, I want to say something now maybe you won't like, but I'm going to say it. You know I'm getting eight bonus bonds. Well, if six months or a year from now you and Mary was to need money, you could have my bonds. For a loan—"

"No, we—"

"Wait, George. Chances are you'll get this shop going fine. But then again it might be hard going—I mean getting started. Once you're started, you'll be all right. But I want you to feel you got something more behind you if you need it—I want this to be sure."

"Jack, I can't. If I'd take it from anybody, I'd take it from you. But I can't do it—"

"Well, if I ain't as good as the Congress of the United States—"

"The trouble is you're better."

They said nothing for a moment, then Burley said, "Well, I guess we better get started."

He and Jack picked up the suitcases and as they turned to go downstairs, he looked back for the last time at the interior of his room. Even with the sun, the light in the room seemed soft, gray—here was peace, here safety. And here was death. He turned away from the room, which was as changeless from year to year as the rest of the home, which could stand, in its grayness, its devouring peace, for the whole home, and went downstairs. But as he went downstairs, he kept thinking that soon some other man would come and be assigned to his room, for him Troy would have the same meaning—a home not home, a life which was no longer life. The home, he thought, remained, and with it what had brought it into being and supported it.

They went out on the porch and walked forward, toward the front of the building. They turned; the width of the front of the home—three buildings, dormitory, hospital wing, chapel—wheeled before them in blinding yellow. He was free.

They walked forward to the grove of pines, walked through it, and as they came, each carrying a suitcase, around the final bend of the road into sight of the entrance arch, Burley saw Mary at the center of the group of men who had gathered to say good-by to them. He and Jack had been watching the time; the bus would be along, he knew, in about five minutes; he had five minutes more to spend with these friends with whom he had spent three years.

"Here he is," Al said.

"We was afraid we'd have to go off with Mary ourselves."

The group opened and let Burley join Mary. His and Mary's suitcases were lined up, ready for the bus.

At first the men talked and joked; then as the moment for the bus to arrive came nearer, they became quiet. Burley realized that more than the suffering, the waiting, the ordeal of these years was the friendship of the men. It was to them he turned, he did not think of the home. It was of them he was taking leave.

Mary looked across at the factory. She too had much to leave, more than friends, her family. She was leaving security, love. He thought of her courage; he knew that in what she was leaving, with the unknown world she was entering, it was harder for her than for him.

As they stood waiting, almost without speaking, they heard the first sound of the bus. "It's coming," Stewart called. The bus came out of town and a moment later was rolling down on them; half a dozen of the men put up their hands and the bus stopped.

"All right, hurry up now," Jack said.

Hrubes and Ford picked up the suitcases and the driver helped them put them in the bus. Using this delay which he knew would be short, Burley said good-by. One by one he pressed the hands of the men. "Good-by, George." "Take care of Mary." "Good-by." "Good-by, George." "Good luck." "Good-by." Several of the men had tears in their eyes.

"Write us, George," Al said.

"I'll write," he said.

Now Mary had gotten on the bus, and he looked for the last time at his friends —it seemed for a moment almost impossible to leave them, not to have them near him from now on. He felt how good they were. He looked at them with the deepest love men feel for each other, then looked above them at the iron words, Soldiers' Home. The bus was waiting; he waved, turned, and got on.

*

Next month's Short Novel will be "The Party at Jack's," by Thomas Wolfe

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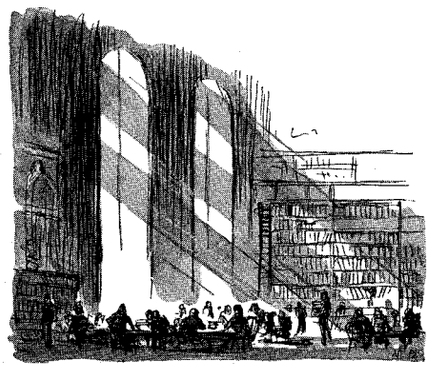

Education of a Jurist

In November we ran a short piece on the education of the late Justice Benjamin Cardozo. This month we want to look into that of his successor, Felix Frankfurter.

His earliest education was in the elementary schools of Vienna, where he was born fifty-seven years ago. In 1893 his father visited America, saw the Chicago World's Fair, and decided he wanted to live here. The next year he brought his wife and six children to New York City. Felix Frankfurter was twelve years old then, couldn't speak a word of English. But he soon grasped it, went through public school quickly, and graduated with honors and medals from the College of the City of New York when he was nineteen.

By this time he wanted to study law. The family doctor said that he had already studied too hard, was in bad condition, and needed a year away from books. So for a year, he worked as a clerk in the New York Tenement House Department, saved money, and in 1903 went to Harvard Law School. His mind was perfectly attuned to legal language and problems. He made his way by tutoring other students, and in 1906 graduated—again with top honors. Two months after leaving Harvard he was taken on by Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter, then one of New York's most eminent law firms. His first of many jobs for the government came in another six weeks, when he was engaged as assistant to Henry L. Stimson, U. S. Attorney in New York.

Quotation of the Month

"Youth must understand the meaning of leadership through a study of leaders and their manner of leading. History records their motives, methods, and deeds. Youth must study these records and the technique of leadership they reveal. More than this, youth must engage in

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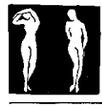

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leading, for it is in the actual rôle of performing a well-understood social trust that leadership grows and matures. The elders should be counselors—not dictators. Critical youth familiar with the devious ways of dictators cannot easily be exploited."—Editorial, *The Educational Forum.* —R. B.

The Scribner Quiz—Answers

(see page 28)

1. The British Battleship H.M.S. *Repulse* (4)
2. A fry (1)
3. *God Save the King* (3)
4. Play golf (1)
5. Planes descending from the air (3)
6. Book (3)
7. Grand Rapids, Mich. (2)
8. U. S. Assistant Secretary of State (2)
9. A wild ruminant of the high Andes (1)
10. Harry Hopkins (2)
11. Animal (1)
12. In a gale off the Virginia coast (3)
13. 18th (3)
14. A steel company (2)
15. Cortex (3)
16. Streamlining engines into the wings (3)
17. Beneficial or healthful (1)
18. The fall (2)
19. Beer (1)
20. Epsom Downs (4)
21. Horses are exercised (1)
22. Head of the German Reichsbank (3)
23. American Institute of Public Opinion (4)
24. Raccoon (4)
25. Assistant Secretary of Labor (4)
26. An Indian head (1)
27. One [in 1853] (1)
28. Czechoslovakia (1)
29. Juice (2)
30. Cash (2)
31. Sarasota, Fla. (3)
32. John Henry Lewis (3)
33. The manufacture of china (4)
34. A spiritualist medium (4)
35. Three (2)
36. The Indian town of Jodhpur (3)
37. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (2)
38. Brown and white saddle sport shoes (3)
39. Printer (1)
40. 215 ft. (4)
41. Hercules (4)
42. Mexico (4)
43. Son-in-law (2)
44. Dark streaks on gray or tawny ground (1)
45. Most of our fleet is in the Atlantic (3)
46. Conservation (5)
47. Opened a big Hollywood night club (1)
48. Cotton (3)
49. 57 [born Jan. 30, 1882] (2)
50. Umbrella (2)

Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 39)

1. (a) The heating process is used. Carbolic acid would not be good on the tongue, and enameling would not be a sterilizing process.

2. (a, b, c & e) Chain link fence is closely woven and has strength. These qualities would not be necessary for a sheep ranch which could just as effectively use a lighter, more open mesh of wire fence.

3. (a) The bethanizing process, a Bethlehem development, gives the wire an improved coating of pure, weather-defying zinc. Prior to bethanizing practically all wire was zinc-coated by drawing it through a bath of molten zinc.

4. (a) The product is sold by Bethlehem at the same price as its competitive grade of hot dipped galvanized wire. No premium is charged for this specialty product.

5. (c, d, e, f, g & h) Blue annealed and hot rolled do not apply specifically to roofing. Roofing sheets are generally hot rolled sheets which have been galvanized. The six terms, such as corrugated, which are the correct answers, apply to the shape of the product. Those answering the questions are entitled to 1⅔ points for each of the six letters which were guessed correctly.

6. Iron ore is smelted in a blast furnace and the partially refined metal is then used in steelmaking, or is cast into forms called pigs to be used in the production of castings.

7. (c) Usually the term iron is understood to apply to the trade product and not to theoretically pure metallic iron. Commercial iron is currently a very minor percentage of iron and steel production, as most industrial users require the better physical properties to be found in steel. Answer (a) would be incorrect because some grades of steel are softer than some grades of iron.

8. (b) Baking and (c) with a spray gun.

9. (d) For resistance to rust. Tests at Pittsburgh, Annapolis and other points by the American Society for Testing Materials developed that under exposure to atmospheric corrosion copper-bearing open-hearth steel outlasted competitive steels by substantial margins.

10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

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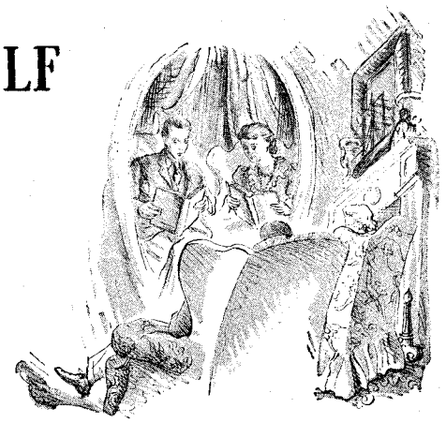

This list represents the last year's books which have been most in demand by our members.

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☐	With Malice Toward Some—Margaret Halsey	☐
☐	The Horse and Buggy Doctor—Arthur E. Hertzler	☐
☐	Fanny Kemble—Margaret Armstrong	☐
☐	Philosopher's Holiday—Irwin Edman	☐
☐	The Coming Victory of Democracy—Thomas Mann	☐
☐	Listen! the Wind—Anne Morrow Lindbergh	☐
☐	The Evolution of Physics—Albert Einstein & Leopold Infeld	☐
☐	Out of Africa—Isak Dinesen	☐
☐	Andrew Jackson—Marquis James	☐
☐	The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman	☐
☐	The Summing Up—W. Somerset Maugham	☐
☐	The Fight for Life—Paul de Kruif	☐
☐	Hell on Ice—Commander Edw. Ellsberg	☐
☐	The Folklore of Capitalism—Thurman W. Arnold	☐
☐	Red Star Over China—Edgar Snow	☐
☐	The Tyranny of Words—Stuart Chase	☐
☐	This Is My Story—Eleanor Roosevelt	☐
☐	A Southerner Discovers the South—Jonathan Daniels	☐
☐	Dry Guillotine—Rene Belbenoit	☐
☐	The Importance of Living—Lin Yutang	☐
☐	Madame Curie—Eve Curie	☐
☐	R.F.D.—Charles Allen Smart	☐
☐	Fashion is Spinach—Elizabeth Hawes	☐
☐	The Arts—H. W. van Loon	☐
☐	Savage Symphony—Eva Lips	☐
☐	Four Hundred Million Customers—Carl Crow	☐
☐	A Puritan in Babylon—William Allen White	☐
☐	Goliath: The March of Fascism—G. A. Borgese	☐
	FICTION	
☐	The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings	☐
☐	The Citadel—A. J. Cronin	☐
☐	Great American Novel—Clyde Brion Davis	☐
☐	Joseph in Egypt—Thomas Mann	☐
☐	What People Said—W. L. White	☐
☐	Winter in April—Robert Nathan	☐
☐	The Turning Wheels—Stuart Cloete	☐
☐	Imperial City—Elmer Rice	☐
☐	Rebecca—Daphne du Maurier	☐
☐	All This, and Heaven Too—Rachel Field	☐
☐	My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney	☐
☐	Northwest Passage—Kenneth Roberts	☐
☐	The General's Lady—Esther Forbes	☐
☐	My Son, My Son—Howard Spring	☐
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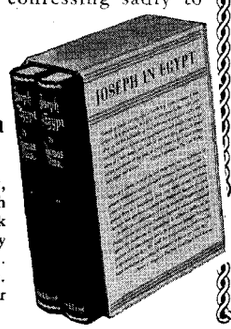
In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read.* You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"



In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these last year were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.*

Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. A 55

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

☐ JOSEPH IN EGYPT ☐ THE ARTS ☐ MADAME CURIE
☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Business Connections, if any .....

Official Position or Occupation .....

Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with the free book above **YES** ☐ **NO** ☐

Books shipped to Canadian members DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Can.) Ltd.

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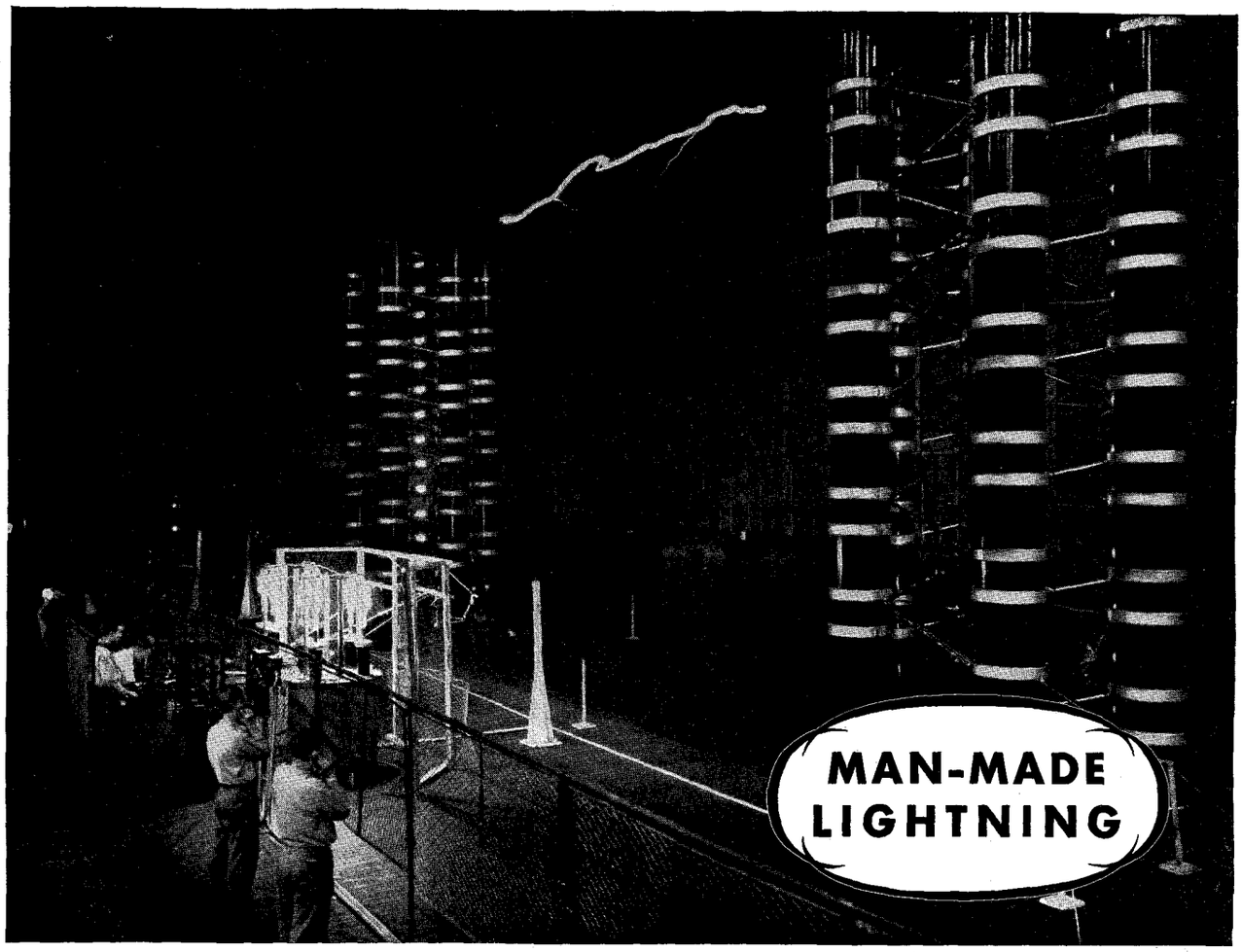

-and the "HOUSE OF MAGIC"

In the G-E building at the NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, ten million volts of man-made lightning crash and thunder—thousands see for the first time the modern marvel of television—trace, in the great mural by Rockwell Kent, mankind's upward struggle—see dramatized, in the "House of Magic," the most recent achievements of G-E research.

SAN FRANCISCO'S Treasure Island has been painted with light by General Electric. Here, the new G-E short-wave radio station W6XBE carries news of the Fair to distant lands. In the G-E exhibit, the Magic Kitchen tells of new standards of living—the "House of Magic" reveals new wonders of science.

WE INVITE YOU to see these and the other features of the G-E exhibits at the Fairs, not only because they are entertaining and spectacular, but because they reveal the secret of America's progress. They show how American industry, by developing new products, improving them, and learning to make them inexpensive, has made it possible for millions of people to have more of the good things of life. In this process of creating MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST, which has made the American living standard the highest in the world, G-E scientists, engineers, and workmen have played an important part. Visit the G-E exhibits and see for yourself this work of General Electric research, which today is building even higher living standards for the people of America.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

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